THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 68. PUBLICATION OFFICE No. 725 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1889. $2.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 34

TIME FLIES.

BY W. H. S.

The day declines—its fleeting hours have run,
O'er yonder distant hills the setting sun
Disrobes her mightiness, the victory won.

The night is come—some mystic sound appals
My weary heart, and on the stillness calls,
Like whispering echoes through deserted halls.

The morning breaks—with mute, resistless might
Dawn moves triumphant in the van of light,
Chasing the scattered clouds of vanquished night.

And this is life—a passing to and fro
From love and hate, joy, sorrow, mirth and woe—
A little more or less—is all we know.

The Marked Stone.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PIECE OF PATCHWORK," "SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER," "A MIDSUMMER FOLLY," "WEDDED HANDS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

MARGERY entered—a grim-looking figure in her great mob-cap. She carried a breakfast-tray, which she set down upon a small table by the bed.

"Be you going down now, Miss Cordelia? Muster Dermot he told me to ask."

"Is breakfast ready?" inquired Cordelia.

"Ready this twenty minutes. Muster Durward's down and Muster Gifford, but Sir Dunston had just his cup o' chocolate and his dry toast took up to his room by Dan," replied Margery, arranging her tray.

"I will go down then. I see you have brought this young lady some breakfast; that is right. If you are really quite well you must prove it by eating plenty," Cordelia added, with a smile. "Margery will take good care of you, and I will come up again presently."

With a smile she turned away to the door, then stopped, hesitating curiously, growing quite pale and compressing her lips. With an effort she went back to the bedside, and her voice was oddly changed, as she said, turning her eyes away from the girl—

"There is one thing I forgot to ask you. We—we talked of so many other things. May I know what your name is? You have not told me."

"Didn't I tell you? How stupid of me! I beg your pardon Miss Musgrave; I did not mean to be rude. My name is Rosalie—Rosalie Rediferne."

Then the girl opened her eyes wide in wonder and dismay, for Cordelia had uttered a sudden strange muffled cry, as she clasped her hands together, staring with wide-open eyes at old Margery, who had dropped the spoons she was holding with a clatter upon the tray, as she looked at her mistress.

The next moment Cordelia was gone, shutting the heavy oaken door behind her, and the old woman wheeled the little table nearer to the bedside.

"If you will just sit up, miss, I'll put this shawl round ye," she said bluntly. "It's cold enow up here to clem a bit of a thing like you."

Rosalie obeyed, drawing the thick woollen wrap tightly about her shoulders. But when the old woman brought her a cup of hot tea, she put it away and asked abruptly—

"Why did my name startle Miss Musgrave so?"

"It didn't," said old Margery doggedly. "What should it startle Miss Cordelia for?"

"It did!" declared Rosalie. This little creature could be very imperious when she chose, and she was so now. "You know it did. Why, it startled you! As to why it should, that is just what I want to know. Did Miss Musgrave ever hear the name of Redferne before?"

"No, miss, she didn't, I'm pretty sure of it."

"And I am quite sure that until she told me her name just now I had never heard that of Musgrave. What made her look as she did—white and frightened? And more than that, as if she had expected to hear it and nothing else?"

"You're just nice and fanciful, miss," said Margery bluntly. "And as for Miss Cordelia, she's nervous, that's what it is; and she got a fine turn last night when Muster Dermot brought ye in, and he close on fainting himself. Get your breakfast, miss and ask Miss Cordelia herself your questions if you must shift to ask 'em. 'Tain't any business o' mine."

"I wish I had asked her before she went away," murmured Rosalie, taking the tea-cup and giving a wistful glance at the old door behind which Miss Musgrave had disappeared. "It did startle her, and dreadfully!"

Cordelia had descended the old stone staircase, not with usual slow and languid pace, but with a light swift run; and, opening the panelled door in the wall which gave access to the hall, would have crossed that as quickly, but she saw Dermot standing by the fire, and stopped.

"Here you are at last, Cordy!" he exclaimed, turning to her. "Come on. I don't much fancy waiting for breakfast this sort of weather. It's a stinger this morning, and no mistake!"

"It is very cold," she assented. "Are you feeling all right, Dermot? You did not take cold yesterday?"

"Not likely! When do I catch cold? I say, nothing up with Dunston is there?"

"No," said Cordelia anxiously—"not that I know of. Why?"

"Only that he had old Dan take up his breakfast, and I heard him walking up and down like a sentry for an hour or more in the night. Only one of his freaks though, I suppose."

"Perhaps," began Cordelia, and then suddenly stopped. She looked up at him as she had looked the night before at the top of the turret staircase. He understood, and with blunt boyish fondness took her trembling hand and placed it within his arm.

"Pooh!" he said brightly, smiling down at her. "Dunston has too much sense for that. It's only one of his freaks, or perhaps the cold's rather too much for him. Come along! Gifford's down, and Durward's neck and crop in the fire as usual, warming his pretty self. It's a pity he wasn't a girl, that chap. He'd have made a fine one. What kept you so long?"

"I have been talking to our little patient."

"Oh—the girl!" said Dermot after a moment's stare. "I'd forgotten all about her. Is she all right?"

"Yes, I hope so." Cordelia hesitated. "Dermot," she said faltering again, "you laughed at me last night when I said I wondered what her name might be. Well, I have asked her, and it is—"

"Anything but what you fancied it would be," he interrupted, rallying her. "Eh?"

"It is Rosalie—Rosalie Rediferne!"

"The mischief it is, though!" cried the young fellow, looking at her blankly. "I say, do you mean it?"

"I mean it! What have you to say about it now?"

"Why, what I said I should say—that it's a precious queer coincidence. I wouldn't have believed it if any one but you had told me. Yes, it's uncommonly queer, no doubt about that." He laughed, passing his hand over his curly hair; but he looked astonished and doubtful still. "After all," he said, "it's a common name enough—Rosalie."

"Under this roof?" queried his sister, looking at him steadfastly.

"Oh, brother this roof! Come along to breakfast, and never mind her, stupid little thing! She must be a downright little changeling. It's half a pity I didn't let Black Gap keep her, it strikes me."

Keeping her hand within his arm, he had moved towards the lower end of the hall, where there was a door which opened upon an arched stone passage, leading to the room always used for breakfast at White Towers. As he opened it he stopped suddenly.

"I say, Cordelia, you don't think the little monkey was artful enough to make it up, do you?"

"To make what up?"

"Well, her name? For it is queer," he muttered.

"Of course she did not make it up. Why she had never heard the name of Musgrave until you told her mine, or been near White Towers."

"So she says."

"And it is true, I am sure. We shall soon find out, at any rate, for it appears that she was going as companion to Mrs. Brierley at Wavelscombe."

"Was she, though?" exclaimed Dermot astonished.

"Yes; and *I* have told her that I will write to Mabel Brierley at once and explain to her how it is that she is detained, and where. It is genuine enough, Dermot. Poor little thing!"

"Seems so certainly," admitted the young man reluctantly. "How are you going to send your letter?"

"I must get it carried to Knairesdale," said Cordelia.

"That won't be to-day nor yet to-morrow," said Dermot, drawing her towards the window. "The snow has begun again; and look at the sky. You know what that means—it's a snow-up. Whether she likes it or whether she doesn't, Miss Rosalie Rediferne is fixed for a long stay at White Towers."

* * * * * *

The room which the brother and sister entered was like all the other rooms at White Towers—ancient, low-ceiled, and gloomy.

The rooms were smaller by a great deal than the dining-room in the central tower, but furnished in the same heavy and sombre fashion, with a similar polished floor, panelled walls, and high narrow windows curtained with faded tapestry.

Cordelia Musgrave, with her fair serene face, her long trailing dress, looked thoroughly in keeping with the place. She and White Towers matched each other well which was more than could be said of her two younger brothers.

Durward indeed was always very much out of place in his old-world surroundings, and seemed even more so than usual on this particular morning; for cold did not agree with him at any time, and, although he was, as Dermot had said, crouching in a great chair as near to the fire as possible, yet he looked blue and chilled. His morning suit and quilted slippers were, in their way, as perfect as his dinner-dress had been on the preceding evening.

Stephen Gifford, in his rough tweed clothes, sat by one of the distant windows busy with a book, and looking as comfortable as though it were midsummer.

Both rose at Cordelia's appearance, Sir Dunston's secretary first. Dermot had stopped at the door to whistle to Gurth and Lady, both of whom came bounding forward joyfully at his call.

"Good morning, Miss Musgrave!" said Gifford. "An unusually cold morning—is it not?"

"It is very cold," assented the young lady quietly; adding, with a smile, "but it hardly seems to affect you, at all Mr. Gifford."

"Oh, I"—he shrugged his shoulders—"am tolerably insured to our winters by this time! But I hardly expected to see you this morning."

"And why?" She looked up inquiringly, but, seeing the expressive glance from the secretary's keen gray eyes, turned away, lowering her own haughtily, as though the look had been a covertly-insolent speech, and addressing her second brother as she took her seat before the urn, "Are you not coming to breakfast, Durward?"—for, after giving her a rather ungracious good morning, he turned to the fire again.

"Yes, now you have come." But he still stood by the hearth, holding his delicate hands out to the blaze, and glancing, with a frowning face and shiver, out of the nearest window at the snow-flakes, which were coming down like a thick shower of downy feathers. "What a vile morning! Are we likely to have much of this?"

He spoke to no one, as it seemed, but he glanced at his brother, whom he had not otherwise noticed; and Dermot replied shortly—

"I told you so, didn't I? It's a snow-up—that's what it is."

"Already?" said the other, in a fretful tone. "There has not been much of a fall yet."

"All right," Dermot retorted coolly, beginning to cut himself some cold beef. "You know best, of course, seeing that you have not been outside the gates since you got back from London; and I was over the dales yesterday. Try a stroll over to Knairesdale, and see how you like it."

"It's a pity that I came back from London, I think," muttered Durward discontentedly.

"If you hadn't run through all your money in six weeks, you needn't have come back, you know," said Dermot, stolidly eating his breakfast. "We'd have got on somehow, I dare say, like the benighted savages we are."

"You can't get on anywhere so long as there is a chance of breaking your neck, we know," retorted Durward peevishly, flushing as an angry girl might have done at such remarks.

"I'll take pretty good care I don't do it, though. We Musgraves are down in the world enough as it is. I don't want to leave Dunston the only male representative of the family."

The last words were muttered, but the elder brother heard them, and he flushed scarlet again. Cordelia glanced at Dermot appealingly, but he would not notice her.

It seemed that these two, as antagonistic in every point of their characters as they were in appearance, were doomed mutually to taunt, sneer at, and annoy one another.

They had done so from their boyhood, but always with this difference—that while Dermot was quite indifferent to all the shafts of ridicule and sarcasm aimed at him by his elder brother, Durward was always keenly alive to and shrank from Dermot's rough contemptuous scorn.

If his nervousness, effeminacy, lack of strength and courage, and his liking of soft things of life excited Dermot's bluntly expressed disgust, Durward, on the other hand, found plenty to sneer at in the other's brusque unpolished manners, and his ignorance of almost everything outside the rough hazardous mountain life which he loved.

Only Cordelia could keep a semblance of peace between them. Durward did not

care for her—perhaps it might be fairly questioned whether Durward cared for any one but himself; but in his boyish unceremonious rough way Dermot did; and although she could influence his obstinate and headstrong nature very little, yet to please her he did sometimes contrive to let Durward alone.

He might have done so on this occasion but for Gurth and Lady, who, being both in excellent spirits and excessively hungry, frisked from chair to chair, watching with eager eyes for any spare morsels that might fall to their share.

Gurth at last so far forgot his training as to place his shaggy head on the table, and, with one sweep of his great red tongue, entirely clear Durward's neglected plate of the delicate smoking cutlet which had just been brought in.

Durward turned just too late to save his breakfast, but he dealt the dog a smart blow and followed that up by a kick in the ribs. Gurth growled, and bared his glistening white fangs menacingly, but he gulped down his spoil with perfect unconcern.

"Confound the brute!" cried Durward angrily. "Dermot, I wish to Heaven you would turn these dogs out! Are we never to have a meal in peace for your menagerie? That vicious mongrel would bite as soon as look at me."

"What did you want to kick him for?" retorted Dermot bluntly, laying his hand upon the dog's collar and forcibly hauling him into a sitting posture. "You don't suppose he's going to stand that, do you, Durward?"

"I'd give him something to stand if he belonged to me! Look here, I won't have it! Just turn him out, will you not Dermot?"

"Turn him out yourself," said Dermot indolently. "He isn't in my way."

Durward Musgrave was afraid of a good many things, first and foremost of dogs, and there was no dog that he hated as he did that particular dog.

So, although he flushed again at the mocking smile on his younger brother's lips, he sat still, and did not attempt to carry out his own suggestion.

The breakfast proceeded rather constrainedly and awkwardly.

Durward, resenting the loss of his especially-prepared cutlet, refused everything else on the table, and drank his chocolate in sullen silence; Stephen Gifford, taking his usual spare amount of meat and drink, spoke now and then, in a quiet undertone, to Cordelia, who ate scarcely anything; but Dermot ate and drank all he wanted, and fed his dogs in his usual customary fashion.

He was the first to leave the table and the room, which he did with both of his pets at his heels.

Gifford withdrew to his former post by the window, and again took up his book; Durward went back to the fire and stood warming his hands; and Cordelia sat for a few moments with her chin on her palm, musing in her place.

Presently she rose and approached her brother. He was looking very pale—paler even than she was—and his eyes were sunken, as though he had no sleep.

His air of weariness and dejection struck her, and she asked, almost involuntarily:

"Aren't you feeling well? You look very white."

"Who can wonder," he rejoined fretfully. "I did not sleep."

"How was that?"

"Did you?" he asked significantly.

Cordelia pressed her lips tightly.

"Did you hear it?" she asked almost inaudibly.

"Yes," he said with a shudder.—"And Dunston?"

"Of course! Who could help hearing it? It was awful! I have not heard it so plainly since——"

He stopped, shuddering again, and she finished his sentence for him—

"Since Madeline died."

"Yes. Had you forgotten that it was exactly ten years ago yesterday?"

"No."

"Dunston had—until he heard it."

"Poor Dunston!"

"Poor all of us, I think," Durward muttered, in a tone of peevish complaint. Then his voice changed. "Cordelia, what can it mean—this time?"

"How do I know—how can I know?" she clasped her hands together passionately. "Durward was it fancy? I try so hard to think it may be. Could it have been? It was very stormy last night—it was just such a night when Madeline died. Could it have been our fancy—and the wind?"

"The wind?" he echoed, fretfully contemptuous. "What nonsense, Cordelia! The wind! Have we not heard it when there was not a breath of air stirring, and that a dozen times since Madeline died? What put the idea of the wind into your head?"

He looked at her, then he said suddenly:

"Was it Dermot?"

"He said so, certainly," she admitted slowly. "He—he—was with me when—it came?"

"And was ready with his coarse sneers and brutal jokes as usual," said Durward bitterly. "He is not a Musgrave, I think, sometimes. All the blood he has in him is that of his American mother. I tell you, Cordelia, that, if the curse of White Towers ever falls upon him, he will have done his best to court it. He will flout and gibe at it, and those who believe it, once too often if he does not take care."

"Don't talk like that," returned Cordelia peremptorily. "For shame, Durward! Dermot is our brother, although his mother was not ours, and, if he is able to throw off and disregard our fatal inheritance, so much the better for him. I wish," she added with a deep sigh, as she pressed her hands to her breast, "that I could!"

In his distant seat Stephen Gifford bent over his book, but he had not turned a page, with his sharp ears he was listening to the whispered conversation by the fire, not the first of the kind by a good many that he had overheard, without exciting any suspicion.

He glanced at Durward scornfully, but his keen gray eyes rested almost tenderly upon Cordelia's graceful dejected drooping head.

Miss Musgrave had unwittingly intercepted a few of such glances from him, and she had long since discovered the most unwelcome fact that Sir Dunston's secretary loved her.

But she was not thinking of him now, nor was she the least aware of his stealthy observation. Her face had brightened with a more pleasant thought when she again looked up.

"I had almost forgotten my little patient! I must go to her. Durward you are very remiss. Have you forgotten all about the little thing?"

"No," he replied hesitatingly; "I—I—wanted to ask about her Cordelia, only I have not seen you. I was wondering about her a good deal."

"Does that mean—wondering what her name might be?" questioned Cordelia quietly.

"Yes"—he looked at her with sudden expectation and anxiety in his eyes, perhaps because her tone was so peculiar—"what is it?"

"It may be only a coincidence, as Dermot says it is," replied Cordelia, speaking hurriedly, "only a very strange coincidence such as does chance to come about now and then, but her name is—"

"Not Rosalie?"

"Yes—Rosalie Redferne!"

She hurried out of the room, while Durward, sinking down into his chair, sat staring at the fire with a look of mingled incredulity and astonishment. Presently Stephen Gifford rose and sauntered coolly across to the rug.

"That's an odd coincidence?" he remarked deliberately.

"Coincidence! Do you call it a coincidence?" demanded Durward.

The secretary, by a shrug of his shoulders, seemed to reply, "That's for you to say;" but it was not until several moments had elapsed, during which he was ironically watchful of the other's puzzled face, that he said aloud—

"Have you seen her?"

"This girl? No."

"Shall you see her?"

"Of course."

"Will she stay here?"

"Yes—yes! She must."

"I see"—Stephen Gifford raised his eyebrows coldly—"you are prepared to put the notion to a practical test, then. Well, you might do worse, for, as I said, there is no denying that the coincidence is an odd one—that is, as far as it agrees. The young lady is very pretty, I hear; so much the better for you."

"What do you mean by 'as far as it agrees'?" inquired Durward sharply.

"Merely it might have gone farther. The heroine of the romance is all that can be desired, no doubt, but the hero is altogether a mistake. It is a pity you were not tempted in the direction of Black Gap yesterday, that is all. Not"—with a glance of slow, barely-concealed contempt at the slight figure and delicate white hands—"but that it was doubtless a good deal better for the young lady as it was. The role of rescuer in such circumstances would not have suited you, even in such a cause."

"I don't know what you mean about its going no farther," retorted the other sullenly and with an uneasy frown. "Unless I'm mistaken, I'm Sir Dunston's heir!"

"Of course—of course, just as your next brother is yours. Musgrave's heir—the term might be very well applied to both of you."

There was silence for a few moments which was broken by a volley of barks without.

One of the windows overlooked the courtyard, and Stephen Gifford, glancing out, saw Dermot standing in the snow, with his dogs bounding and leaping about him.

Sturdy, handsome and robust the young fellow looked, with the snowflakes whitening his curly hair, and his dark eyes laughing at the excited, delighted animals.

But Durward, following the secretary's glance, shrugged his shoulders contemptuously.

"What a lumbering idiot of a hobbledehoy it is!"

"A good-looking one though," said Gifford coolly. "By-the-way, does he know?"

"Know what?"

"Well, how great the coincidence is, we will say—how far it goes?"

"No," rejoined Durward curtly. "Why?"

"Only that it is quite well. The young lady, according to old Margery, who was garrulous to me on the subject this morning, is very pretty, as I think I said, and, although your brother is sceptical, he is romantic, as well as being as handsome a Musgrave as any of your family portraits can show. Besides, he saved the girl's life, and a woman is bound to make more or less of a hero of a man who does that, unless he's as ugly as sin and an ass to boot. You might find him to be rather a dangerous rival."

"Pooh—a boor like that!" said Durward scornfully, sinking back into the great cushioned chair with a shiver. "Not much fear from him. Besides, he doesn't know, I tell you, and won't know."

The secretary stood by the window and did not reply; but his keen eyes were turned slowly from the vigorous active figure and sunburnt face of the younger brother, romping boyishly in the snow with his dogs, to the delicate frame and languid, peevish face of the other, lying back with half-closed eyes in the great chair, and mentally contrasting them, a curious smile curved his thin lips.

He had no cause of dislike for Durward Musgrave, and for a certain reason that he had he very nearly hated Dermot; and yet, while he almost respected the latter, he despised the former.

He presently moved towards the door, and Durward looked slowly round.

"Where are you off to, Gifford?" he inquired.

"Sir Dunston wants me probably."

The change in his manner, was so complete as to suggest that, whatever his other abilities might be, Sir Dunston's secretary was at any rate a good actor.

During their conversation, he had been curt, decisive and cool, holding decidedly the superior position. Now his manner, in its quiet unforced respect and ready deference, was precisely what he was about to show the Baronet.

"He is not likely to want you after last night, I should think," remarked Durward in a low tone. "You seem uncommonly fond of that abominable drug-smelling den of his, which is the vilest hole in this barrack. I wish, before you go, you'd just tell someone to bring me a rug or two. I shall stop here by the fire all day, as far as I know, and just say I want it well kept up—plenty of logs, and so on. Oh, and you might order me a cup of decent chocolate—that just now was atrocious, but Margery must look to it, no one else in this house makes it fit to drink! That's all, I think. Oh, have my papers come?"

"Probably not," said the secretary, reminding the chilly inquirer of the snowfall.

Durward received the reminder with peevish impatience; and, reiterating fretful complaints of the weather, and determination to stay where he was until dinner-time at least, he leaned back among the cushions of his great chair, shivered, and closed his eyes; while Stephen Gifford—his polite and attentive demeanor giving place to a smile of sardonic contempt—made his way through a labyrinth of winding stone passages and echoing oaken corridors towards a room in the central tower, which was at once Sir Dunston's sitting-room, library, study, and laboratory.

He would have entered it, but when close to its door he encountered Miss Musgrave.

"You are going to Sir Dunston?" said the young lady, stopping.

"If he is ready for me," replied the secretary.

"Not just now. I have to speak to him. In half an hour he will be at liberty, I dare say."

"Then I will wait."

"If you please," said Cordelia, opening the heavy oaken door and quietly closing it behind her.

For a few moments the secretary lingered near, perhaps thinking that he might overhear the talk between the brother and sister; but, if so, he was disappointed.

Cordelia's sweet clear voice he could indeed hear, but he could not distinguish her words, and Sir Dunston was quite inaudible. Stephen Gifford, instead of returning by the way he had come, struck off in the opposite direction. Through more oaken corridors and narrow vaulted passages he made his way rapidly, until he reached a small deeply-sunken door, black with age. Drawing a key from his pocket, he carefully unlocked it, passed through as it swung open, and disappeared within.

A simple thing to do, it seemed; but of all the inhabitants of the Castle he was the only one who ever even dreamed of entering the long-deserted, dismantled rooms of the west turret of White Towers.

CHAPTER V.

"I do wish you would come, Dermot! You are really quite absurd!" said Cordelia Musgrave, an impatient note in her sweet soft voice.

Dermot, with Gurth stretched out at his feet, and Lady sitting upon her haunches watching him gravely, was lounging on one of the settles by the blazing fire in the great kitchen, polishing a pair of skates vigorously. The cold short day was closing in, the snow was still falling thickly. It was a snow up indeed!

"Do come, Dermot," urged Cordelia again.

"Oh, confound it—I can't, don't you see I'm busy?"

"You can do that presently. Besides you are in no hurry for your skates. It will be long enough before you have a chance to use them."

"I mean to use them to-morrow," said Dermot, still polishing.

"What! In this weather?"

"If the snow stops, I mean."

"Why, you cannot reach the water."

"Can't I? I shall try to get to Sheepwash Tarn, and, if I can't I'll have a path cleared to the pond out yonder."

"It may not bear," said Cordelia.

"Pooh! Bear a house after such another frost as there was last night. One must do something, and I can't go to sleep and pamper my pretty self by the fire like Durward, or read my eyes out of my head like Dunston. I should just thump my head against the wall if I didn't do something."

Cordelia Musgrave sighed as she looked at him half-sadly, half-affectionately—almost as a fond mother might have looked at a wilful son.

That this, the best loved of her brothers, had something to do worthy of himself—something far different from the overly rough dangerous sports which seemed to content him so completely, was an old wish of hers—as old as it was far futile.

But she did not speak out her thought—for to do so would only be to rouse his hot temper and obstinacy together. So she merely said, returning to her first subject:

"Well, come and do what I ask you now, then."

"What for?" he asked discontentedly.

"Because it is only polite."

"Politeness is in Durward's line. Let him talk to her."

"He is talking to Miss Redferne now."

"Then I should say she's got about as much as she can stand," said Dermot.

"What nonsense! It is you whom she wishes to see."

"What for?"

"To thank you, of course."

"Bother her thanks! Let her thank you if she wants to thank anybody. I'm not coming to have her make a fuss."

"It is very unkind of you, and she will think it very rude," said Cordelia. "You saved her life, and it is natural that she should like to thank you. Don't you want to see her?"

"No, thanks! I saw quite enough of her yesterday. As for thanking me, it's all rubbish. I don't want her thanks for carrying her home just as I should have done if she had been a sheep. Let her keep them."

"You might come, Dermot, if only to please me."

This was usually the last of Cordelia's appeals, for it rarely failed in winning from her brother whatever she wanted. Now, although he shrugged his shoulders and frowned, he flung down the skates, and got up reluctantly.

"Oh, all right! I'll come, if you're so set upon it, but I haven't got anything to say to the girl, unless it is to tell her she was a precious little fool to think she could get

across the dales by herself. Where is she now?"

"In my sitting-room."

"She doesn't seem ill after it, then?"

"Not at all. She wanted to get up before but I coaxed her not to. She must be very strong, although she is such a little creature."

"Lucky for her she is. If she'd been anything like your size I should never have got her here. I say, have you written to Wavelscombe?"

"No; I did not see the use, since it is perfectly impossible to get a letter taken to Knairesdale."

"I had forgotten that. She—Miss—whatever you call her—will have to stay here for a while, I suppose?"

"Of course. Oh, Dermot," cried Cordelia with a sudden vehemence, "I wish she would stay here altogether!"

"What, live here?" exclaimed Dermot, quite aghast,—"Yes."

"Oh, confound it—no—none of that! We don't want any precious girls here"—with a gesture of intense disgust.

"Dunston would like it—if she would stay," said Cordelia quietly.

"Would he, though? You don't mean you have asked him?"

"Yes; I spoke to him this morning—and told him about her, Dermot."

"You don't mean that he has any nonsense in his head, I should hope."

"Don't talk like that. He would be very much pleased if she stayed."

"Just for a superstitious fancy!" grumbled Dermot.

"Call it so if you will. Durward would be glad too—perhaps more glad than any of us," added Cordelia in a lower tone.

"Durward!" muttered the younger brother contemptuously. "He's a nice subject to go by! Why, he's crazy upon this woeful old tale, Cordy—you know he is. He was scared half out of his wits last night. When I went down he was about the color of a candle."

"I was frightened too," she reminded him gently, unable to repress a shiver.

"You! You're a woman. It is all right for a woman to be frightened, of course; but he's a man, or is supposed to be. Of course he wants the girl to stay—I could see last night the notion that he'd got in his head. All I can say is—I don't want her."

"Perhaps not," returned Cordelia quietly. "But I should be glad, Dermot, even putting all that you consider nonsense upon one side. I—I—am very lonely sometimes."

"Are you, though!" He looked down at her with bashful tenderness, and put her hand under his arm in his usual way, which was the only approach to a caress he ever gave her. "I suppose you are. All right—let her stay then—she won't make any difference to me, so long as you tell Durward off to do the polite to her. Now come on, if you insist upon it, although I don't know what on earth I'm going to say to her."

Miss Musgrave's sitting-room was a little brighter and less sombre than any other room in the Castle, with its slight graceful traces of a woman's hand. Durward was standing in the firelight, bending forward a little, with a more interested expression than usual upon his delicate handsome face, as he talked to Rosalie Redferne who, seated in one of the great carved chairs, her blond head thrown out in full against its dusky cushion, looked like a little fairy-queen upon a throne.

Dermot was awkward enough when he took the little hand which she held out to him and listened with an ungracious gloomy face to the pretty eager speech of thanks which she tendered him. And when he answered Miss Redferne his tone was curt and almost rude.

"It isn't worth speaking about," he said. "'Twas the dogs found you, and of course I couldn't leave you there. And as for carrying you home, that wasn't anything. I've carried many a sheep before now, and they are heavier, some of them, than you are."

"I am glad I was no heavier," returned Rosalie with a bewildering glance, which he received like a sulky young Spartan that he was. "I'll never try to get across the dales again by myself."

"You won't if you're wise. It takes a born dalesman to get across in such a storm as that was yesterday."

"And I had never even seen them before. I'm afraid I was dreadfully silly to try."

"That you were," agreed Dermot bluntly. "Dont you try it again, Miss Redferne, that's my advice. If I hadn't chanced to come just when I did, and the way I did, the odds are that you'd be lying in Black Gap now. And the snow must be close on to six feet there to-day if it's an inch," he concluded, glancing out of the window.

"Deep enough to bury me," observed the girl with a shudder.

"About twice over," said Dermot, looking disparagingly at the little fairy figure of the girl.

"Don't talk about being buried, Dermot," interposed Cordelia, "you will frighten the poor child again. And now I think I must turn you both out. We are going to have a quiet cup of tea here by ourselves before dinner."

Dermot waited for no further hint of dismissal, but stalked out, looking only too glad to do it; but Durward lingered and drew nearer to Rosalie.

He looked so eager, bright and animated—such a contrast to the sulky young man who had just gone out—that she began to think that after all he was the handsomer of the two.

He admired her, and showed it plainly. he was glad to have her there, and was eager to please her; and she liked admiration and appreciation with the zest natural to a young and pretty woman.

It was really a pity that he had not found her, she thought. Certainly he would not have snubbed her for thanking him, nor have hinted that he thought her no better than a little fool.

Dermot had done all this, and, in spite of his handsome face and his having rescued her yesterday, he was in the black books of the young lady.

"Come, Durward, are you not going?" asked Cordelia, pulling the bell-cord to summon old Margery and the tea-tray.

Margery Pardew held the post of housekeeper in the impoverished household of White Towers; but despite what should have been the dignity of that office, she seldom let any hand but her own attend to the wants of her young lady.

"Am I banished too, Miss Redferne?" said Durward entreatingly.

"You don't like tea, do you?" queried Rosalie with a coquettish glance.

"Indeed I do, to-day—if I may stay!"

"I don't think men ever like it really," said Rosalie reflectively. "They pretend to sometimes when they want to be polite, but that's all. Where I have been living they always call it 'cat-lap.'"

"Who are they?" asked Durward quickly.

"Mr. Deverill and his son. I think you must consent to be turned out, Mr. Musgrave, please."

Seeing that she obviously wished him to go, he yielded and quitted the room as old Margery entered it, flushing a little as he met his sister's dark eyes; not that her glance was disapproving; she simply wondered to see his usually languid and peevish face so changed and bright.

Cordelia busied herself with the tea-things filling the old silver tea-pot herself by means of the tiny kettle which had been brought in on a small spirit stove. Filling the two cups of delicate dragon-china, she carried one to her little guest; but Rosalie's blue eyes were fixed upon the fire so thoughtfully that it was only in response to a touch upon her shoulder that she looked round and took it.

"What, were you so absorbed?" asked Miss Musgrave as she sat down, and Rosalie tossed back her fair little head and replied—

"I was wondering, Miss Musgrave——"

"About what?" asked Cordelia, with a smile.

"If Sir Dunston was like either of your other brothers, and if so, which? Because they are so very unlike each other."

"I suppose they are. I hardly fancy you will think Sir Dunston like either of them. If there is any resemblance it is to Dermot—in face, at least."

"Only in face?" asked the girl, with a rueful glance at the fire.

Cordelia smiled, half sadly. In some ways her dark eyes were very keen.

"So you like Durward best, my dear?" asked Cordelia.

"Oh, Miss Musgrave, I did not say that!"

"No, you did not say it;" and then almost in a whisper Cordelia added, "but it is natural, I suppose, and best too—yes, it is best." Then aloud, instinctively defending the brother whom she loved and who she knew loved her, she went on, "You must not judge Dermot by his manner, dear; he is not used to women, and rather shy and awkward with them, poor boy!"—and Cordelia sighed as she thought again of how much there was wanting in Dermot which her best efforts seemed powerless to supply. "Wait until you know him better, Rosalie," she concluded gently.

"Dear Miss Musgrave, do pray forgive me! I'm afraid I was dreadfully rude," Rosalie cried, as she rose from her chair impulsively; and went and knelt down by Cordelia. "I didn't mean, indeed to say anything rude about you brother—how could I, when I should most likely have been dead now but for him? And he was quite right in saying I was stupid yesterday. I know I was."

"My dear!" Cordelia remonstrated, with a caressing hand upon the pretty child's head.

"Oh, I was," persisted Rosalie. "And it would have served me right if I had been buried in the snow! I was horribly rude to talk like that—about your favorite brother, too!"

"So you know already he is my favorite," said Cordelia, smiling. "Perhaps he will be yours when you know him better. Dermot was always my boy."

Miss Redferne, however, having still a vivid remembrance of Dermot's snub, did not feel by any means inclined to endorse this opinion.

But, although she made a very little grimace which Cordelia was completely unconscious, she only added:

"But I am hardly likely to know your brother better, Miss Musgrave, or you either"—with a little sigh—"for I shall be gone in a day or two at most. Have you written to Wavelscombe?"

"Not yet. It was no use writing; I could not get the letter taken to Knairesdale," Cordelia answered, rather hurriedly, and her white hands touched the girl's fair head with gentle nervousness, "Rosalie—I may call you Rosalie, may I not?—you are such a child to me, dear!—must you go to Wavelscombe? Could you not stay here with me—with us?"

"Stay here—at White Towers!" cried the girl in astonishment. "Live here, Miss Musgrave—be your companion instead of Miss Brierley? Is that what you mean?"

"Yes," replied Cordelia eagerly, her pale pensive face flushed and quivering, "that is what I mean. Could you not do it, Rosalie? I am very lonely here—but that is not the only reason—will you stay? We should all be glad—you cannot know how glad—you do not know what it may mean to us—what it will mean to us; I know it will! Will you stay here, Rosalie?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EXTRAORDINARY DEATHS.—Lely died of jealousy at the success of Sir Godfrey Kneller.

Elphinstone, the Chancellor of Scotland, was heartbroken by the battle of Flodden.

The Emperor Frederick III. and his son, Maximilian I., both died eating too heartily of melons.

Valentia the Spanish theologian, died because he was accused by the Pope of having falsified a passage in St. Augustine.

Chake, the Great English scholar, "who taught King Edward Greek," died of grief at having been perverted from his religious belief.

An hour before Malherbe, the great French writer breathed his last, he woke suddenly from a profound swoon to reprove his nurse for using a word, which in his opinion was indifferent French.

Alonzo Cano, the Spanish painter and sculptor of the seventeenth century, refused when lying on his deathbed to kiss a crucifix which was presented to him, because, he said, it was so badly executed.

Angeleri, a Milanese actor, was so overcome by his enthusiastic reception on his first appearance at the theatre in Naples, that he fell down at the side scenes and died.

WALKING.—Negroes all toe out; Indians all toe in.

Women, if healthy, toe out; most men toe in a little, at least with the right foot. Notice yourself and see.

The passionate and strong wear the inner, or outer rim of the heel on, but men more frequently the outer, and the women the inner.

A man going placidly along, his nose a little elevated, alert, with his hat tipped straight back, is generally found to be observant; if a woman, self-conscious and proud.

An observant, keenly-watchful man, if thoughtful and imaginative, often goes gazing at the ground directly before him with a slow, listless pace seeing only the fragile castles of fancy.

If we see a man walking, and notice furtive side glances, if his walk is shuffling and sly, we will find a deceitful wretch; or, if better educated, a somewhat cunning man; or, if better still, a man secretive and observant. If, in a woman, the base is vanity or love of praise.

No less than 15 boys are said to have been drowned this season at Pawtucket, R. I., while skating on thin ice or around air holes.

Bric-a-Brac.

IN ST. PETERSBURG.—The harness of the horse in St. Petersburg is as light as leather can be made, none of the straps being more than half an inch in width; and most of them are round, not larger than a lead-pencil. There is no breeching, because there are no grades in St. Petersburg; the country is perfectly level. There are no blinders on the bridle, and the horse fears nothing. He will walk up to a locomotive with as much indifference as his master. He never shies, never runs away, but is perfectly obedient to the voice of his master.

THE FIG TREE.—In Latin myths the Fig tree was held sacred to Bacchus, and employed in religious ceremonies. A tree of this variety is said to have overshadowed Romulus and Remus, the twin founders of Rome, in the wolf's cave. The Fig is chiefly planted in India as a religious object, being regarded as sacred by both Brahmins and Buddhists. A gigantic tree of this variety, growing in Ceylon, is said to be one of the oldest trees in the world, and, if tradition is to be trusted, it grew from a branch of the tree under which Gautama Buddha became endued with divine powers, and has always been held in the highest veneration.

THE FEAST.—The feast of the Epiphany, 12th of January, commemorates the finding of the Infant Jesus by the wise men. Following their example, the Queen of England annually on the day presents gold, frankincense and myrrh at the Chapel Royal, St. James. It is also Twelfth Day in England, which is celebrated with cakes and ale, as in the days of Shakspeare. The first Monday after Epiphany is still observed as a day of conviviality in many parts of England. In former times the plowman kept lights burning before favorite shrines, in order to obtain a blessing on their labors, they also went from house to house, begging money to "speed the plow" by paying for the tapers.

AT TABLE.—Here is a custom of the ancients, in which we can see the origin of our menu cards. Each guest, as soon as he had settled upon his couch, was handed a paper upon which was written the name of every article to be served at the feast and in the order in which it was to be served—a convenient, if not indispensable custom; indeed, in the present day we would be apt to look upon the omission as barbarous, for what could be more so than to keep a man of moderate gastronomic capacity in ignorance of some coming delicacy, and thus allow him, in the dark, to crowd it out with some previous dish or dishes which he may tolerate rather than fancy.

RENT OF AN ISLAND.—The Island of Bombay is held by a tenure totally different from that by which England holds any other part of her Indian dominions. It was part of the dowry of Queen Catherine, the neglected Portuguese consort of Charles II. His majesty got it in the year 1661, and, after eight years' possession, finding he gained nothing by the poor place, he granted it to the East India Company, to be holders "of us and our heirs, as of the manor of East Greenwich, in free and common socage, at a rent of ten pounds in gold, payable yearly." This spot, rented at $50 a year, in perpetuity, 225 years ago, now contains a population of 500,000 souls, has a trade valued in exports and imports at $100,000,000, and is the seat of a subordinate government, extending over 10,000,000 of people.

ENGAGEMENT RINGS.—Speaking of engagement rings, a French author makes the following remarks: "The first of the presents which must be given to an affianced bride ought to be an engagement ring; this ring must forever be kept by her, it is the first openly allowed gage of love. It should be in perfect taste, and at the same time not inconvenient to the owner. I should not choose the ruby, it is too showy, loud and indiscreet; my taste inclines towards the sapphire and the diamond, of which the one does not go well without the other. I should not choose a large sapphire surrounded by diamonds; I should ask our jeweller-artists to interlace in happy combination the sapphire and the diamond. The torquoise is also a tasteful stone, but when it is constantly worn it has immense disadvantages of changing its color, and to this change most ladies attach a sad and sentimental superstition. It should, therefore, not be chosen for the first present which is to remain from the days of youth when everything else is changed."

IT is claimed that about 5 dollars' worth of dogs have killed $10,000 worth of sheep in Michigan the past year.

THE OLD HOME.

BY J. L. S.

In the quiet shadows of twilight
I stand by the garden door,
And gazel on the old, old homestead,
So cherished and loved of yore.

But the ivy now is twining
Untrained o'er window and wall:
And no more the voice of the children
Is echoing through the hall.

And the forms of those who loved me
In the happy childhood years
Appear at the dusky windows,
Through visions dimmed with tears.

But only the night winds answer,
As I cry through the dismal air;
And only the bat comes swooping
From the darkness of its lair.

Yet still the voice of my childhood
Is calling from far away,
And the faces of those who loved me
Smile through the shadows gray.

Shadowed by Fate.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NULL AND VOID," "MADAM'S WARD," "THE HOUSE IN THE CLOSE," "WHITE HEATHER AND RED," "ONLY ONE LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(CONTINUED.)

IRIS sank into a chair and looked round. As she had said the room was perfectly clean, and small, barely furnished though it was, it seemed a haven of refuge after the turmoil of the crowded streets.

The adjoining room was even smaller, but it was as clean, and Iris, taking off her bonnet and cloak, seated herself on the edge of the little bed with a feeling of thankfulness and of gratitude to Paul.

The future lay still dark and misty before her, but, at any rate, for the present, she had found shelter and a hiding place.

After about a quarter of an hour had elapsed, and just as she was coiling up her hair, and feeling refreshed and cheered by a good wash, there came a timid knock at the door, and going to it she found Paul there.

"I thought perhaps you had forgotten, or changed your mind, miss, about the tea, I mean," and as he spoke his blue eyes rested upon her face, that now, without its bonnet and long shrouding veil, seemed ten times more beautiful to him. "This way, miss; I am quite a near neighbor, you see," and he led her into a room opposite her own.

It was, if anything, even more poorly furnished than hers, but it contained a piano, which took up nearly all one side of it, and a violoncello stood upright in the corner.

Sheets of music lay upon one of the chairs, and the lad swept these off and drew it to the table for Iris.

Over the mantel-shelf was a portrait of Beethoven, and others of well-known composers decorated the walls.

Humble as the room was, there were touches about it which gave proof that the lad was an artist, and possessed the artistic love of refinement, and the grace with which he put her chair, and not his own, opposite the teapot, struck Iris at once.

"What a dear little room!" she said; "and there is Beethoven and Mendelssohn; and you have got a piano, too! And do you live here all alone?" she added wonderingly.

He nodded as he took the teapot to fill it at the kettle on the fire.

"Yes, all alone, miss, since—" his voice dropped—"since father died. That was three years ago."

Iris's lips quivered.

"I have lost a father, too, Paul," she said, "but a very, very little while ago!"

"I am so sorry!" he murmured in a low voice.

"But you must be very lonely," said Iris, hurrying away from the subject.

"Yes," he said; "sometimes I am, very. I should be worse but for my music. I have always got that! My father was a music-teacher," he went on, his eyes fixed in rapt attention upon her white hand as she poured out the tea. "He died of consumption. The doctor said that if he could get away from England for the winter—" he stopped. "But we were—I am very poor, you see," he finished with simple and unconscious pathos, "and so he died."

"My poor boy!" murmured Iris, her eyes filling. "And do you teach music, too?"

He shook his head.

"No, miss. I tried to get some teaching, but people said I was too young and too little—I think it was because of the latter more than the former—and they would not engage me. I play the third violin in the orchestra at the Lyric Theatre, miss," he added, with a touch of simple pride that went to Iris's heart.

"That is very grand!" she said. "But, Paul—I may call you Paul, may I not?—it is such a pretty name."

"Oh, yes! Do, please, miss!" he said eagerly.

"Well, I will," said Iris; "but you must not call me Miss—" she stopped abruptly and her face crimsoned.

Her own name had almost passed her lips,—the name to which she had now no right.

"You must call me Mabel," she went on, inventing a name at haphazard.

"May I?" he said, his eyes glistening.

"Yes; my name is Mabel! Howard, but you must call me Mabel. We are such very near neighbors, you see, as you said, Paul."

"Yes," he murmured, "it seems like a dream. And to think that I should have gone round that side of the Park! I might have gone the other way, and then I should not have seen you! Oh, how glad, how glad I am!" and he clasped his hands with a childlike gesture of gratitude. "But you are not eating anything. I wish," wistfully, "that I had something better than bread and butter, Miss—Mabel!"

"There is nothing I like better," said Iris, taking a slice quietly. "But you are eating nothing, either."

He colored.

"I can't; I am too happy!" he said. "It is all so wonderful to see you sitting there! I think I shall wake directly and find myself all alone as usual, and my meeting with you really all a dream. But now you must come and sit in this chair. It is so comfortable, see! My father made it for me because I am so little. You can lean right back, and rest beautifully. There!" and he patted a cushion and arranged it carefully.

"That is very nice," said Iris; "but I cannot take your chair, Paul."

"Yes, yes," he said eagerly, and he lowered himself on to the floor almost at her feet. "I know you are tired, and I want to rest. You would carry my violin, but it is my turn now," and he laughed a little, silvery, childlike laugh.

"Tell me more about yourself," said Iris, after a moment or two of silence.

He thought, with his head on one side, and pushed the long fair hair off his forehead.

"There is no more to tell," he said simply. "I haven't anyone in the world belonging to me that I know, and only one friend that I know of—Mrs. Baker—and you. May I say that, Mabel?"

"Indeed you may, Paul," said Iris gently; "but I think you have shown the friendship on your side. But for you I should have been wandering in those awful streets now,"—and she shuddered, "instead of sitting here in your pretty room and comfortable chair."

He looked up at her musingly.

"Were you going to ask me why I am so lonely and friendless, Paul?" she said softly.

The boy colored slightly, and hung his head.

"You seem to read my very thoughts," he said contritely.

"If I do, I know that they are very kind ones, Paul," she said gently. "But, indeed, it was not fair of me to ask you to tell me your history when I cannot tell you mine."

"I do not want to know," he said quite eagerly.

"This you shall know—and see how I trust you, Paul," said Iris. "Mabel is not my right name, but that I cannot tell you. You must trust me, Paul, when I say that I have done nothing wrong, though you found me alone in London and friendless!"

He raised his pale face to hers with a piteous entreaty.

"Don't, don't!" he murmured. "As if I could think that you had done anything wrong! And I don't want to know anything, Mabel! Oh, don't cry!" he pleaded, for the tears were filling Iris's eyes.

"No," she said, wiping them away; "I won't cry, Paul! Let us talk about something else than myself. And so you are third violin at a theatre?"

"Yes," he said. "At the Lyric; do you know it? But of course not."

Iris remembered the theatre. It had been opened by a manager sanguine enough to believe that English men and women could be found in sufficiently large numbers to support English opera.

She had gone there once with her father; but she remained silent to the last question.

"It is not a very grand theatre,—not like the Italian Opera," he went on, "but the manager is very kind and liberal. How much do you think they pay me?"

Iris shook her head.

"Twenty-five shillings a week!" he said with an air and tone of triumph; "isn't it a large salary? Oh, it was by the greatest good fortune that I got the place," he went on. "After father died I got very poor; so poor that I thought I should have to leave Mrs. Barker,—though she was kind, very kind, about the rent—for, you see, no one would take me as teacher, and I am so little and crippled that I couldn't get any other kind of work. So one night, when I hadn't a penny in the world, I took my violin and went out into the street."

His voice faltered, and he hung his head, then he looked up into her pitying face bravely.

"There was nothing to be ashamed of in that," he said quickly; "but I had never done that before! Well, I played in the quiet streets for hours, and some poor people gave me a few pennies; and I was thinking that I should have to go to the workhouse, when I thought that I'd have one more try, and I played a sonata of Beethoven's—there he is, up over the mantel-shelf—just at the corner of the street where the Lyric is; and as I was playing, a big man with a red face came out, and he stopped and listened for a little while. Then he came up, and I thought he was going to give me—sixpence, perhaps; but instead, he asked me my name, and I told him Paul Foster, and he told me call at the Lyric to-morrow morning; and when I called, he gave me this place in the orchestra,—and that's all!" he wound up breathlessly! "Wasn't that a piece of luck? I wish," and his voice dropped, "poor father had been alive—that is all."

Iris stretched out her hand and laid it on his head.

The boy's face flushed, and he turned his eyes upon her gracefully.

"I was coming from rehearsal, at the Lyric, when I saw you this afternoon," he said. "The theatre was hot and dusty, and my head ached, and I longed for a sight of the green trees, and to hear the birds singing. But I was so tired that I had half a mind to come straight home! Oh, if I had!" and he gave a little sigh of thankfulness. "But I am tiring you talking so much? I wonder——"

He paused and looked up at her wistfully.

"Well, what do you wonder, Paul?" said Iris.

"I wonder if you would like me to play to you," he said shyly.

"I should have asked you if I had not thought that you were too tired," said Iris.

He got up, and just touching the chairs and table for support, limped across the room, and got his violin; then he resumed his former position and began to play.

At the first chord Iris's attention was caught, but as the boy went on playing, her heart began to throb and palpitate, and the color came and went in her cheeks.

He played like a Joachim,—a Paganini. Soft and melodious the music stole into her soul; it was a voice, now in tears, now filled with a divine consolation; now the wail of human suffering, and now the grand, solemn dirge of a cathedral anthem.

Every nerve in her body was quivering, her eyes were full of tears, and she leant forward, her hands clasped in her lap, her eyes fixed on his rapt face, in a trance.

Before her, called up by the music, rose the fair place that was once her home; she saw the Revels stretching in a white line against the sky, heard her father's voice mingling with the singing of the birds.

Then there glided into her vision the tall, stalwart form of Heron Coverdale, and his voice spoke as it were through the music.

Her heart ached, the tears trickled down her cheeks, and she leant back and covered her face with her trembling hands.

Paul stopped suddenly and looked up at her.

"Oh, what have I done? Forgive me, forgive me!" he said. "Mabel!" and he caught her hand timidly.

"Hush!" she said brokenly. "Go on! It is doing me good. Go on! Go on!"

He held the bow in his hand hesitatingly for a moment, then he drew it across the violin, and the room was filled with a melody low and soft and sweet, like the plash of the water upon the rocks on a calm summer's evening.

Iris' heart ceased to throb, and the consoling influence of the music took possession of her. In a minute or two her hands dropped from her face, and she sat up and watched him.

It seemed that he had forgotten her, but suddenly he played a final chord and turned to regard her anxiously.

"Are you better, Mabel?" he murmured at last.

"Yes, yes," she said. "It was cruel to cry over your music, but, Paul, you play like an angel! What was it you were playing?"

He hung his head, and his fair face flushed.

"I don't know," he said.

"You don't know?" repeated Iris, recalling the exquisite strains which had at once and the same time tortured and delighted her.

"No," he said, "I just played as I thought. Don't you know what I mean? I played for you as I should speak if I could say what I meant!"

"You composed it?" said Iris, open eyed and wondering.

"Yes," he said meekly.

Iris was silent for a moment, then she leant forward, and said impressively—

"Paul, do you know that you are a very great musician?"

He looked down at his puny stunted limbs and smiled ruefully.

"Not a very great one, I hope, Miss—Mabel!"

"Yes—*great!*" she repeated emphatically. "I know something—only a little—of music but I know enough to know that you are a genius, Paul!"

He looked up at her wonderingly, touching the strings of his violin lovingly.

"It's your goodness and kindness, Mabel that makes you say that," he said most humbly.

"No!" she said, and her voice was low and impressive; "no one could play as you have played unless he were a musician of the very highest order. And it was your own?"

"Yes, Mabel," said the boy humbly.

Iris looked at him long and thoughtfully.

"Paul," she said quietly and dreamily; "you found a homeless and friendless woman, but I have found a great and heaven-born musician."

The boy's pale face flushed, then went paler than before.

"I—I never played like that until to-night," he said in a low voice. "I never played to anyone like that, only to you. Why was it? I just wanted to put into music what I felt, and I played without thinking."

Iris rose and pushed her hair from her forehead.

"Paul, your music haunts me! It brought back all the past!" Her lips quivered. "All that once was. I think I shall go now."

As she spoke, the landlady knocked at the door and came in.

"Here's the paper! I thought you'd like to see it," she said, and began clearing away the tea things.

Iris took it, and glanced at it absently, but presently her face grew crimson, and she sank back into her chair and held the paper before her face. Her eyes had rested upon Lord Heron's advertisement.

They were already searching for her, then!

"Will you lend me a sheet of writing paper and an envelope, Paul?" she said kindly.

He got up and, limping to a drawer, got them for her, and she, without a moment's hesitation, wrote the resignation of her claim which gave the estates to Heron Coverdale.

"What are you writing, Mabel?" said Paul. "An answer to an advertisement for a place?"

"No, Paul," she replied. "I am giving one up."

Then, with a smile that was sadder than tears, she wished the boy good-night and went to her own rooms.

The clocks struck three before she fell asleep, and then her slumber was broken by dreams of the past.

Knighton, her dead father, Ricardo, passed before her in an endless phantasmagoria, but, amidst it all, the handsome face of Heron Coverdale stood clear and distinct, and through it all the weird, entrancing music of the boy, Paul.

In the morning she awoke with a strange feeling of doubt and uncertainty.

She was homeless no longer, but the future still loomed dark and misty for her.

It was true she had money, nearly twenty pounds, and jewelry worth some hundreds; but money has a habit of taking to itself wings, and she knew that however simply and frugally she lived, her little store would sooner or later be exhausted.

While she was at her breakfast—not the elaborate and luxurious meal which she had been accustomed to at the Revels, but one consisting of coffee and bread and butter—she tried to form some plan; but she could not succeed.

The sounds of Paul's violin were borne from his room, and she wondered if it would be possible for her to get some work.

She knew something of music, and she was neither too young nor too little to teach.

But how could she hope to obtain pupils, she who could give no references, and who had had no experience?

After breakfast she put on her outdoor things and went out. She had brought so few things from Knighton, that it was incumbent upon her to purchase others that were absolute necessaries.

She walked down Oxford Street to Marshall and Snelgrove's, and made her purchases—and few and modest as they were, they made a considerable hole in her stock of ready money.—and she was retracing her steps to Mrs Barker's, when she saw a hansom cab pull up almost in a line with her.

A gentleman jumped out, and with a start which sent the blood from her face, Iris saw that it was Lord Clarence.

He paid the cabman and hurried past her, so near that he almost touched her, and Iris, drawing her veil still more closely over her face, hurried on breathless and trembling.

She knew instinctively that he was searching for her, and the sight of his handsome face, so wan and haggard, smote her heart.

Yes, they were searching for her; but they must not find her.

Rather than return to Knighton and appear before Heron Coverdale as the nameless daughter of Geoffrey Knighton, she would die in the streets!

Once and for all, the Iris Knighton, of the Revels, had ceased to exist, and in her place was the unknown and friendless girl—Mabel Howard.

Weakened and unnerved by the sight of Lord Clarence and the risk of her being recognized, she reached home.

Mrs. Barker had cooked a simple dinner for her, but she sat before it, unable to eat a morsel.

She had thought herself safe in London, but if Clarence Montacute was in pursuit of her and so near to her that she could pass him in Oxford Street, she was anything but safe.

Then suddenly there flashed upon her the question: Why should she not go abroad? She would have enough money, if she sold her jewelry, to pay for her passage and support her for a few weeks in America or Australia.

Across the ocean she would at least be free from the chance of meeting Heron Coverdale!

In feverish haste she dressed herself again, and taking her bag, went into Oxford Street. She walked for some time, looking for a jeweler's at which she could offer the gems, but the shops seemed too large and grand, and her courage forsook her at the thought of the questions that would be asked. How could she account for the possession of such valuable articles, she could not give her name or address, or a single reference!

She turned into a by street after a while, the bag held fast in her hand.

Perhaps it would be better to wait; while she had the jewels, she was secure, at any rate, from absolute poverty.

Pondering and troubled, she walked on unconsciously, until, suddenly as it seemed, she found herself in a street forming one of a network in a squalid quarter, apparently occupied by the poorest of the poor.

Confused and bewildered, she was about to ask a woman who was passing to direct her back to Oxford Street, when some shouts and screams rose from a low public-house near where she stood, and two or three men tumbled out of the doorway fighting together.

Before she had time to turn and run, a crowd collected, and she found herself almost in the centre of a seething mass of unwashed humanity.

Men and women of the lowest type yelled and screamed and pushed round her, and utterly overwhelmed by the noise and crush, she tried to force her way back to the wall where she could stand firm, at least.

But the crowd seemed to increase every moment, not three, but apparently thirty men were hard at work fighting, and Iris was beginning to feel faint with the horror of the situation, when suddenly she heard a voice near her, and looking round saw Paul pushing his way towards her.

"Paul!" she cried, and she held out her hand.

"All right, Miss Mabell Don't be afraid!" he sang out; but well meant as the encouragement was, it attracted attention to her.

A big, coal-begrimed costermonger turned and stared, growled out a slang word or two to his companion: the two men slipped in between Paul and her, and one of them, snatching the bag from her hand, bent down, and cleaving a path through the mob disappeared.

Iris uttered one cry, then stood still, white and motionless.

"Mabell Mabel, are you hurt?" Paul said, pressing up to her anxiously, and turning white. "However came you here? Have they hurt you?"

"No, no!" said Iris. "But my bag! They have taken that!"

"The bag," he said, the color coming back to his face. "Is that all? I thought you were hurt! Come away at once! Never mind the bag, so long as you are not hurt!" and by sheer persistent doggedness he forced a path for them through the crowd. "Oh, what a turn you gave me!" he said almost reproachfully. "And how white and frightened you look! Why, Mabel, whatever made you come here? It is the worst place in London, I should think! And your bag? Was there anything in it?"

Iris forced a smile, a very wan one.

"Never mind the bag, Paul," she said very bravely. "Whatever was in it is lost now!"

CHAPTER XIX.

NOT until she had reached home did Iris realize the loss she had sustained. Her jewels were gone!

Beyond the sum remaining of her twenty pounds she had no money or resources in the world!

She must find some work, and at once, if she did not wish to become homeless and penniless, for her money was going, going, even in the frugal way she was living.

She said nothing about her loss to Paul, for she knew it would distress him; the little fellow was as devoted to her as a spaniel is to his dearly beloved master, and was as sensitive as one of those plants which shrivel at a touch.

So she said nothing to him about her dreadful loss, and kept a cheerful countenance.

But as day succeeded day, and the little store got less and no means of replenishing it occurred to her, she grew thinner and paler, and the boy, who watched her face as attentively and reverently as a Parsee watches the sun, saw that something was troubling her.

"Mabel," he said, "you are very unhappy!"

They were sitting in his room, Iris lying back in the comfortable chair which, in his devoted loyalty, had become almost as a throne in Paul's eyes; he was practicing the music of a new operetta which was to be produced at the Lyric.

"Unhappy, Paul?" said Iris, awaking with a start from a sad reverie.

"Yes, Mabel," he said gently. "Don't deny it, indeed it wouldn't be any use. I can read your face as plainly as I can read that sheet of music there, and it means as much to me. Won't you tell me what it is?"

She tried to smile.

"If I am in trouble, Paul," she replied, "my trouble is a very common one. I am very poor."

"Poor!" he repeated sadly and sympathetically. "Nearly all the world is. But I know what it means, no one better. I have been down to my last halfpenny, Mabel!"

"And that is where I shall be presently!" said Iris, smiling but rather ruefully. "Come, Paul, you are a man of the world, give me your advice. How can I earn some money?"

He touched the strings of his violin musingly, his large blue eyes fixed upon her face; then he said:

"Mabel, you are very clever——"

Iris shook her head.

"Oh, yes," he said firmly, "you are. You are well educated and a lady. You could teach. Why not go out as a daily governess, Mabel?"

Iris colored.

"You forget, Paul," said she gently; "people do not take strangers as governesses for their children unless they can give good references, and I cannot do that."

He hung his head, discouraged for the moment.

"There must be some way," he said musingly.

"What way?" said Iris cheerfully. "I have thought and thought for the last week and I can find none! Paul, don't people, young women, get some needlework to do? I have read of women earning money in that way."

His face flushed, and he struggled to his feet.

"You don't know what that means, Mabel!" he said quickly and bitterly. "Needlework! You don't know, but I know! You would have to work from dawn to dusk—ah! and after dusk—and at the end of the day and night you would have earned just enough to pay for a cup of coffee and some bread and butter. Get a living by needlework! It would be living starvation. And you, too!" and something seemed to come into his throat.

"Why not I?" said Iris bravely. "Better women than I have had to earn their daily bread with their needle, Paul!"

He shook his head.

"No, no!" he said, in great agitation. "It would kill you! Only those who have been used to it since they were children can stand it, and you—oh, Mabel!—you would grow pale and thin, and bent, and——" he stopped, and clenched his hands. "Mabel,"—a scarlet flush rose to his pale face, and his eyes grew moist,—"if you are poor, I am not; I am rich—I've got more than I want. I don't spend nearly my five-and-twenty shillings. Let me——" he stammered and stopped again.

Iris's own eyes grew moist.

"I knew you were going to say that, Paul," she said very gently and gratefully, "and that is why I did not tell you before——"

"But you will let me help you, Mabel?" he pleaded, limping to her and crouching at her feet. "If you knew how happy it would make me! Happy? I should be the proudest and happiest creature in London. Do! you can pay me back!"

Iris laid hand upon his head and smoothed the fair silky hair.

"No, Paul, I can't do that! What!" and she forced a laugh, "a great, strong girl live upon the hard earned wages——"

She paused, for his face had grown very white.

"I know I am not worthy to offer it to you," he stammered. "You and I are so different!"

"Worthy?" she said. "You are a prince, Paul! Different? Yes, I should think we were; you are a musician who will some day be great and famous, while I am just a useless creature who cannot earn her own living!"

"And you will not let me help you?" he said almost piteously.

She shook her head.

"No, Paul," she replied gently, "not that way! You have helped me already. You have been a good and a true friend! What should I have done, where should I have been, without you! But not that way! Paul, I couldn't! No! But, Paul, notwithstanding your gruesome picture, I am afraid it will have to come to the needlework!"

"There must be some other way," he said sadly and anxiously.

"There may be," assented Iris cheerfully, though her heart ached under the load of apprehension, "but I can't think of any. Never mind. Don't let us talk about it any more this evening. See! I'm spoiling your practice! Go on, and let me hear something more of the new opera!"

He took up the violin reluctantly and commenced to play.

"It is poor stuff!" he exclaimed presently.

"What!" said Iris, for she had scarcely been listening, and her thoughts had wandered off to her new troubles.

"It is poor stuff!" he repeated with gentle contempt. "You know the plot, Mabel?"

He had told Iris, but she had forgotten it.

"The heroine is a poor girl who is really the daughter of a prince, and she is accused of being a witch and put in prison, and the young man helps her escape, and marries her; and he is the king of a neighboring estate in disguise. This is the song she sings in prison. I've got to accompany it on my violin. It ought to be a very good song under such circumstances, oughtn't it? But this is it!" and he played it.

"It is not very grand," said Iris.

"No!" he assented; "that is what Miss Alfrede says."

"Who is Miss Alfrede?" said Iris.

"Our leading lady," he replied. "She always takes the parts of the heroine. She is very pretty, and has a nice voice, but she knows no more of music than—than that chair."

"And it ought to know a great deal, seeing that it has heard you play so often, Paul."

He smiled.

"How beautifully you say those things, Mabel. No one but a lady could say them so sweetly."

"And no one but a born courtier could pay such handsome compliments, Paul! But I don't think much of the lady's song, as you say."

"No!" he said musingly. "Now see! Suppose she were to sing something like this!" and shouldering his violin, he played an exquisite air, so plaintive and thrilling that Iris leant forward and listened breathlessly.

"Oh, Paul, how beautiful! Where did you get that?"

"I don't know," he said simply. "It came to me, while I was playing the other."

"You composed it?" she said in an intense voice. "Paul, what did I say? You are a great musician!"

"You like it? I wish Miss Alfrede were going to sing it instead of the other."

Iris rose and took the score from the music stand, and hummed it over.

"Now play your own," she said, almost imperatively.

He did so.

"Again!" she said, and as he began she opened her lips and sang the air.

She sang well within herself, indeed, quite softly and easily, but the boy's amazement was visible in his face, and in the quivering of his bow.

It was only with a great effort that he could continue playing.

When the song was finished he lowered his violin, and stood regarding her, pale and panting.

"Mabel!" he exclaimed.

"Well, Paul!"

"Mabel! You can sing like that! Why—why—you have the voice of an angel! You take in needlework! who can sing like that! Oh, why—why, didn't you sing to me before?" and he limped towards her, his musician's eyes all aglow, his face flushed.

Iris looked at him wonderingly, and half ashamed at his enthusiasm.

"I've had no heart for singing, Paul; besides, it is not so wonderful."

"Not so very wonderful! But I say it is!" he retorted. "Why there isn't such another voice in London! And you sang it by ear, without hesitation, without a false note! Oh, Mabel, you have called me, in a joke, a great musician, I say, in all serious soberness, that you are a great singer!"

"Nonsense!" said Iris. "It is your friendship that makes you say so, Paul!"

"No!" the poor boy almost shouted. "It is not! Friendship has nothing to do with it! I would tell the truth if I hated you as well as I like you! Mabel, you have a voice which is sweeter and grander than anything I have ever heard, and I have heard some of the best! Sing—sing again! Anything!"

"To please you then, only," said Iris, and with a little tremor, for the boy's praise and enthusiasm had effected her, she went to the piano and sang one of the old songs.

The air, the words, brought back the old days at the Revels, so distinctly that the tears gathered in her eyes, and she faltered once or twice; but at the end of it she found Paul by her side, his thin hands clasped on her arm, his eyes wet with tears.

"Oh, beautiful, beautiful!" he cried brokenly. "Oh, Mabel, and you never told me! You kept it from me!"

"I did not know. Aren't you mistaken, Paul?" she said doubtfully.

"Mistaken?" he cried in a thrill treble; "I mistaken? I tell you I have heard some of the best voices in London, and none, none like yours, not one half so sweet and powerful! Mabel, if you like you can be as rich and famous as a girl could dream of!"

"I?" said Iris amazed.

"Yes!" he responded with feverish eagerness. "To hear you sing as you have sung to me, a poor cripple, the world would flock in its thousands! It would cheer you till it was hoarse, pour its gold into your lap by the handful! It would go crazed, mad, over you! Mabel, you have the world at your feet, and I,"—he stopped and put his hand to his throat,—"I, the poor, crippled boy, have found you!"

Iris sat and looked at and listened to him in amazement, overwhelmed by his enthusiasm.

"Yes!" he exclaimed, limping up and down the room; "I, Paul Foster, have found the great singer of the present day. I shall never be anything better than the third violin at the Lyric, but you will be the Queen of Song!—famous and important; and the world will say: 'He, Paul Foster, found her and gave her to us!'"

"Nonsense!" said Iris, trying to laugh. "What do you mean, Paul?"

"What do I mean?" he repeated excitedly; "I mean that you must get an engagement, at once. I will get it for you. They will listen to me, small and crippled as I am, for they know I know a voice when I hear it! You must get an engagement; not at the Lyric,—at the Opera itself! And all the world will come and hear you, and go away to sing your praises——" he stopped for want of breath, and at an expression which had come to Iris's face.

It was an expression of shrinking so intense as to be almost one of horror.

"Oh, Paul!" she breathed.

"What is the matter?" he exclaimed; "what have I said?"

Iris was silent. Through her mind flashed her mother's history. Her mother had been a great singer, and her greatness and her fame had been her ruin, and Iris's also. Could she follow in that mother's footsteps?

Besides, if she went on the stage, would not Heron Coverdale find her, would not the story of her shame become public?

"What is the matter?" he demanded again, excitedly.

For him, the born artist, the mean and narrow room had resolved itself into the crowded theatre, and as his mind's eye saw the girl, the lady, he adored with an adoration like to that of a devotee, the object of an applauding crowd, famous, crowned, the Queen of Song!

He could not understand her hesitation, her evident shrinking.

"Why do you look like that, Mabel?" he said, pale and excited; "do you think that what I tell you is not true? It is true! I will stake my soul on its truth! Let me speak to Mr. Stapleson, the manager of the Lyric,——"

"No, no!" she said, white to the lips; "I could not. Paul—" she went on gently, for his face had fallen—"don't think me ungrateful, but what you say could never be! I—I could not sing at a theatre. Don't ask me why, it is too sad a story, and—and there are other reasons. I could not sing to the public, but—" she added sweetly—"I'll sing to you. Take your violin, and let me sing that song of yours again, and see, I'll play it on the piano at the same time."

He stared at her.

"And you have only heard it once! Heavens!"

She motioned to him to begin, and he commenced.

Stimulated by the praise he had given her, she, as was only natural, exerted herself to the utmost, and sang as if her heart, her life, were in the song.

They had reached about the middle of it when the door opened and Mrs. Barker appeared.

She was followed closely by a middle-aged man, dressed in the height of prevailing fashion, and wearing a white beaver hat.

Mrs. Barker was about to announce their presence in a loud voice, for Paul's and Iris's backs were turned towards her, but the man held up his hand warningly, and gently pushing her back, closed the door and leant against it.

He stood perfectly motionless for a moment; then, after he had looked at Iris, he took off his hat.

When the song had finished, Paul broke into fresh raptures.

"Oh; it is magnificent!" he exclaimed. "Never, never have I heard anything like it... Oh, Mabel, Mabel! all the world is at your feet, and you can hesitate!"

"Bravo! bravo! cried the stranger.

They both turned hastily, and Paul exclaimed, in a tone of surprise and confusion,—

"Mr. Stapleson!"

The stranger waved his hat, and the diamond rings, with which his soft, fat hand was liberally furnished, flashed.

"How do you do, Paul?" he said. "Hope I don't intrude!"

Paul bowed, and stammered out something.

"This is Mr. Stapleson," he said to Iris.

Mr. Stapleson bowed and waved his hat.

"Paul's sister, I presume!" he said, but in a very different tone to that which he had used to Paul, for, as Iris rose and stood calmand self-possessed, the manager, a man of the world, saw at a glance that he was in the presence of a lady.

"No, no," put in Paul quickly, "she is not my sister; she is Miss Howard, Miss Mabel Howard!"

"Charmed to make Miss Howard's acquaintance!" said the manager with another bow. "Sorry to intrude at such a time, but business is business, Miss Howard, and I am, alas! a business man!" and he smiled.

He was fat and pompous, and his smile was self-satisfied and unctuous, but it was good-natured and pleasant; and Iris, who had never met this kind of the genus homo before, bowed.

"I've come at an awkward time, I'm afraid," he said, advancing to the centre of the room, which his well clothed, be-jeweled, presence seemed to fill. "But I've come on business. Well, what do you think of the new opera, Paul?"

Paul shrugged his shoulders.

Mr. Stapleson laughed, and his shoulders shook good humoredly.

"No great thing? What does it matter? You and I, my dear Paul, are musicians, and know good from bad, but the public—bah!" and he made a gesture of supreme contempt. "The public know nothing. If a thing pleases them they are content. They come and take our stalls and fill our treasury, and the street organs put our airs on their barrels and all goes well. But music! Oh, well, the least said about that the better, eh, Paul?"

"Yes, Mr. Stapleson," assented Paul.

"And you like this new opera?" said Mr. Stapleson.

Paul coughed dubiously.

The manager laughed.

"But that wasn't what I heard you and Miss——"

"Miss Howard," murmured Paul.

—"Yes, quite so—Miss Howard trying over?"

"No, sir," said Paul modestly. "It was a little thing of my own."

The manager made a move of good natured contempt.

"Oh, lor!" he said. "You fiddlers are always trying things of your own! And what comes of it?"

"Something will come of Paul Foster's," said Iris calmly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TRY AGAIN.—Do not be disheartened because you have failed once, twice or three times, but press onward: make up your mind to gain a certain point, and gain it.

Do not stop till you see failure disappearing and success fairly in your hands.

It must come sooner or later, if you only make up your mind not to be beaten. It matters not how poor you may be.

Once overcome the disappointment of failure, and you have attained success.

ENJOY the blessings of this day if God sends them; and the evils bear patiently and sweetly. For this day only is ours; we are dead to yesterday, and we are not born to to-morrow.

A bill has been introduced in the Kansas Legislature appropriating money for drilling four deep holes in the ground "to see what can be found."

THE SENTENCE.

BY W. W. L.

You have decreed that we must part,
That Fate must stand between each heart;
I have accepted this decree—and yet
Some day a ghost will take revenge for it.

Memory's pale form from out the gloom
Will rise and stand at Love's lone tomb;
And all the dead and happy hours,
Bearing the incense of their faded flowers.

Lost joy, and hope, in bitter pain,
From out Love's tomb will rise again;
And you and I, making no moan,
Will sit and watch them—utterly alone.

Old Turcan's Wife.

BY J. LANDERS.

CHAPTER I.

A FLAT-TOPPED cape on the African shore of the South Atlantic. A point, the only prominence in view to vessels far out at sea, and from it the shoreline falling away in great, curved, sandy beaches, fringed with heavy surf, and backed by vast grassy plains.

On the top of the point, close to the sea face, was a low-roofed trading house, with a slender flagstaff beside it.

There was not another house in view, nor any other sign of man, for the scattered native villages of the coast were hidden in the long grass, or further inland in great forests.

Through the plains stretched a river whose mouth was closed by a sandbank, and whose waters, in consequence, lay in still sheets linked together.

Far away, towards the inner country, there rose against the sky the smooth-looking tops of a range of mountains, beyond which no white man had yet penetrated.

Only on the sea coast and in the mouths of rivers were his factories placed, far between and solitary.

The still strong sun of the late afternoon poured down on the bare top of the point and on the exposed factory, in the verandah of which belonged the two white traders of the house.

The one was a tall, stooping, loose-shouldered man of perhaps fifty-five. He had large coarse features, with clear blue eyes looking straight out of his face.

His big, angular frame was thin through years of poor living. His peaked beard, at one time fair, was streaked heavily with gray.

His upper lip and sunken cheeks were shaven, and he looked what he had been for years, a sailor.

For all that his face was not a common face. The eyes and the expression showed his kindness, even softness of heart.

He was the more singular in appearance because the wrinkled skin of his face, throat, and hands was tanned by the sun very dark, and contrasted with the whiteness of his hair.

The other man was not more than thirty. He lay far back on a canvas chair, with his chin on his chest and his hands clasped behind his head.

He gazed sulkily at the floor of the verandah, while the ex-sailor lurched seaman-like along it to and fro.

Presently the younger man raised his face and shifted his gaze to the ocean, spread out in endless view before him. There was cunning shown now in his keen eyes and cruelty in his square chin and thin lips.

Yet his face was a good-looking face, with its regular dark features, and his manner was such that he could mostly win confidence with it when he chose.

He had won the confidence of the ex-sailor, John Turcan, the owner of the factory, and an independent trader on the South-west African Coast.

Yet the younger man, George Hill, in his heart despised the sailor turned trader who was so lenient with him. He could not comprehend how the old fellow had been prudent and honest and successful.

Old Turcan liked the lad, as he called him, who had been with him a year, and he was much taken by his ability and education, which were apparent on the surface.

Moreover, the old man, though he had been so long on the coast, and had become so accustomed to its life he could not have well lived elsewhere, had grown weary of its solitude, and welcomed the company of the younger man.

"This is the most forsaken country that ever was created," cried out Hill impatiently, almost fiercely, and rising suddenly from his chair.

He sometimes gave way to fits of temper. He moved towards the ex-sailor, who continued to swing himself along, enjoying his walk.

"One might as well be drowned in that sea as be here."

"Why, Hill, man!" exclaimed old Turcan, surprised. "Don't growl, man," he added; "I'd like to know what you'd have done if you had lived here, as I have lived, ten years alone with the negroes."

"I couldn't have done it. I believe I'd have shot myself. Old man, did you never tire of it?"

"Yes, and I sent home for some one to come out and help me, and, by good luck, they sent me you," said the ex-sailor kindly.

"Then I'll tell you what I should have done; I should have sent for a woman as well."

"A woman? A wife? Married her?

"Hum—yes!"

"What woman would come out here to this coast?" asked old Turcan very seriously.

"Only give one a chance."

"Well, I did once think of doing it," slowly dropped from the old man's quivering lips.

Hill looked astounded.

"Why," went on old Turcan, "do you suppose I've lived all these years without a thought of having some one to clasp my arm, of having some one I could call my wife, some one who would love me and call me her husband? Why, my lad, I've thought of it, I've dreamt of it a thousand times, but I've never seen how I could put it into shape. First," he added, slowly checking the item out on a forefinger, because of the place here, and second, because I've not seen a white woman for ten years. It's true," muttered old Turcan, dropping his voice and speaking with solemnity, "ten years."

"Why don't you go home, then, and choose a girl? I'm sure you're able to," said Hill.

"And leave her there? No. But, my lad, I will tell you something. I have had it in my mind to go home and to leave you in charge here, to carry on the factory for my benefit. You're quick and clever, and you've picked up the ways of the negroes wonderfully; and if they don't like you as well as they might, they can't cheat you, which is something. But it won't be for another year yet at least, and in another year who can tell what may happen? Mayhap I sha'n't care to see the old country again, or shall feel too old to wish for any company but yours, my lad," and, so saying, the ex-sailor resumed his walk along the verandah.

Hill looked after him, disturbed, indeed, at what he had said. It opened up a view of the future which was in one way good, yet not in another.

It was pleasant to think he might have a free hand before long, but not on the coast, and he shuddered at the thought of it, as he remembered the life he had led in a great city and forgot its disastrous end.

Old Turcan stopped suddenly in his walk as he saw a negro, the native headman of the factory, come striding hastily across the patch of sand that covered the top of the cliff and formed the compound or yard of the factory.

The headman, as he came near, gave a shout, and running in a half circle before the white men on the verandah, salaamed vigorously with clasped hands. His dark, bronze-colored and honest face was full full of satisfaction and excitement.

"Well, Antonio Bowman, what is it?" asked old Turcan as the negro fetched his breath.

"Oh, master! big master!" and he choked. "Ca—cabooka come. Live for come! Big cabooka! Plenty teeth! Big teeth!" he quickly stretched out his arms. "Oh, plenty teeth come three day from Kabenga."

"Kabenga? At last!" exclaimed the old man, his trader's instincts alive. "Good, very good. Antonio Bowman. And big teeth, hey?"

The native again extended his arms to indicate the size of the teeth.

"You are sure, this time, you make no mistake, Antonio Bowman?"

"No mistake, O captain. Antonio Bowman make no mistake. Oh, plenty teeth live come—one, two, three day. I say Kabenga!" and he shouted the name out in his excitement.

"Good, Antonio Bowman," repeated old Turcan. "Ho! boy, give Antonio Bowman a drink. You always bring good news, my man!"

And old Turcan, beckoning the negro on the verandah, patted him on the velvet-like skin of his well fleshed back.

"Me come one time (quickly) tell master," murmured Antonio softly as he caught sight of a small native boy, clad in white woven singlet, with a wisp of bird's-eye pattern blue cotton cloth round his loins, coming out of the main doorway of the house with a bottle of gin and a small tumbler in his hands.

He poured out a brimmer for Antonio, who drained it at once, and gave a gasp and a sigh of satisfaction as the liquor gurgled down his throat.

Then, knowing when his presence was not required, he gathered his loose robe of flimsy cotton print of blue-and-white-leaf pattern in handkerchief pieces, and threw the end of it over his left shoulder and went away.

The two white men went into the house to their dinner, which had been announced by the steward, and by the time they had eaten of the inevitable fowl flesh, of which it was wholly composed, served in every way, from fowl soup to fowl palm-oil chop, the day was at an end.

The sun had touched the rim of the waters, and darkness was upon the coast and sea, a darkness through which came the continuous glimmer of the waves as they broke along the low beach.

The lights of the factory twinkled high upon the cliff, solitary specks on all that long stretch of shore.

Antonio Bowman now returned, and squatting on the bare floor, crossed his bangled legs.

He was duly invited to give further particulars of the cabooka. To these old Turcan listened with interest.

A cabooka was the arrival at the point of many negroes from the far interior. With them they brought many tusks of elephants.

Not until old Turcan had settled with Antonio Bowman at what rate of barter, and with what goods the tusks were to be bought, did he "turn in" near midnight.

Not long after midnight, when all the men on the point, black and white, were in deep slumber, save the watch, who cried to one another from the four corners of the yard, hollow murmurs rose from the wide stretch of the open bay.

Huge phosphorescent waves showed themselves in the darkness, gradually breaking further and further out at sea.

Then, all at once, a line, miles long, of white water flashed out and fell with a crash, followed by another and another, after which there was a lull.

Then line after line of breakers arose, each increasing with the fall of the one before it, until the whole surface of the bay was one stretch and mass of phosphorescent, thundering waters.

At daybreak there were lines of breakers for three miles out at sea. There was no wind, and above the beach for miles hung a thick white mist. The calemma, or surf-storm, due to some far-off gale, was at its height.

It was Sunday morning, and the two traders, who were too much accustomed to the sudden rising of the sea on that exposed coast to pay much attention to it, save when one or the other had to go off to vessels, were passing the time as each pleased.

Old Turcan lay in a hammock swung from the roof of the verandah, his face shaded by a broad sombrero which had tilted forward.

He appeared to be sleeping, hushed by the ceaseless sound of the breakers, but he was awake, and his thoughts were not of the cabooka, not of the many tusks of ivory, but of that of which his assistant Hill had spoken.

He had been dreaming, the old man, and he had in his yet hazy brain the remembrance of the face of a woman—or maybe it was an ideal face, he was not sure, only he knew it was there, and pleasant to him, and he lay still in the fear that it would vanish.

Hill sat within the large darkened dining or principal room of the house, into which the outer doorway directly opened. Before him was a strong sea-chest, the contents of which he was turning out to the air.

Piece by piece he shook out the clothes which filled the chest and laid them on the floor.

There slipped from the pocket of a heavy coat, which he had not had on since he had come to the coast; a large sized photograph of a woman.

He saw it fall, and picked it from the floor, giving out a whistle of surprise. As often as he had turned the contents of the chest out he had not come across the photograph before, nor had he known it was there.

It must have been put into the pocket of the coat with design for him to find it there, and with a contemptuous smile at the thought he threw the photograph on the heap of clothes, not bestowing a second glance at the likeness of the face depicted in it.

It was a face that was sweetness to look upon, and yet a sorrowful face, with a wistful look in the large dark eyes that was calculated to touch the heart of any man.

The half figure of the girl was plainly yet most neatly dressed in black, and with the little head and its clustering dark curls showed daintily against the background of the photograph, which, not having been exposed, retained its freshness.

Hill replaced his clothes in the chest. He had finished, and he took up the likeness, and was about to throw it in the chest, when he was startled by a large hand closing over his wrist, and looking up, he saw old Turcan standing behind him.

"May I look at that?" said the old man quickly.

"What, the photograph?"

Old Turcan took it, and held it tenderly in both palms, and stood gazing at it as if he could not see enough of the face, and yet with infinite surprise and wonder in his look.

He passed a hand over his eyes. He could not believe what they showed him. It was the face he had dreamt of, which had been pictured in his mind's eye. It was it!

He strove to recollect every detail of the face, and his memory confirmed the resemblance.

Yet he could not tell when or where he had seen a face like it, but then the days when he had seen white women were far off and shadowy.

"What is the matter?" asked Hill, and at the sound of his voice the old man started.

"It is a beautiful face," he said softly. He would not tell he knew it. "Where did you get this?"

"Get it? Oh, it was given to me," answered Hill in an off-hand manner after a slight hesitation. "Why d'ye ask?" he demanded suddenly. "Confound my stupidity in letting him see it," he muttered to himself.

"She is not happy?" questioned old Turcan.

"Oh, you think not? I should like to know why."

"I do not know, only I think so."

He drew a long breath.

"Who is it?" and he waited for the answer.

For some moments Hill did not reply. He was anything but pleased at himself for allowing old Turcan to see the photograph, but the old man had been too quick for him.

"It is my sister," he said at last slowly, with hesitation, and held out his hand.

But old Turcan did not relinquish the photograph. Instead, he moved round in front of Hill, where he could have a good look at his face, and bade him hold up his head.

Hill had not bargained for this, and a faint color came into his pale cheeks. Old Turcan took a steady look at him, and said, "If there is a likeness it is faint now, my lad. I should not have known you for brother and sister."

"No, we were never considered alike; Nell was a beauty."

He could have bit his tongue for saying her name.

"Was!" exclaimed old Turcan. "Is! She is quite young, Hill," he went on tenderly, looking at the photograph. "Her face, I say, is sad. Has she known much trouble of any kind?"

"Hum—yes."

"She ought not to have known any."

"Ah, we can't help that," and Hill held out his hand again for the photograph.

Old Turcan drew it away.

"I hope you are good to her."

"I?" returned Hill, startled at the question. "Oh, I do my best; but I have been unlucky, you know."

Old Turcan believed what he said, but he did not give him back the photograph. He carried it to a shelf on the wall, and placed it there beside a large sea-glass.

Then, to the younger man's astonishment, he walked many times to and fro before the likeness, stopping every time before it. Hill ventured to ask for it.

"It deserves to be better treated than to be thrown in among your clothes," replied the old man; "will you give it to me?"

"You admire it?"

Without reply old Turcan coolly took the photograph away with him into his bedroom.

Hill's eyes followed him with a look of perplexed wonder, but he said nothing.

During the rest of that Sunday he more than once caught sight of old Turcan, through the half-open door of his room, gazing earnestly at the photograph. The cabooka of ivory, which at one time would have occupied his talk, he hardly spoke about.

Could it be that he had taken a fancy to the girl's likeness? At the thought a scowl came over Hill's face.

On the second day, being the Tuesday, old Turcan came to him at an odd hour, as he sat watching the still vexed sea, and said hesitatingly:

"Look here, Hill—your sister," and his voice trembled. "She is not married?"

"Married!" echoed Hill, and hesitated before answering so simple a question.

Indeed, he looked as if he much wished to shirk a reply. But the old man's eyes were looking straight into his, and so clearly.

"No," he answered slowly, "she is not married."

A look of unmistakable relief came over the old man's face.

"Do you think," said he, laying his hands on the younger man's shoulders, "do you think she would marry me?"

Hill fell back a pace or two; he saw the old man was in earnest.

"You said, 'Give a good woman a chance.'"

"Will she take the chance if I give it to her?"

The matter was becoming quite complicated.

"You said she had known trouble," went on old Turcan quickly, "that you had been unlucky and unable to do all you would for her. I take it, my lad, she is not so comfortable that she would not think of coming out to this coast, though it is so lonely, and to me who have been more so—speak, man, won't you?" and he shook Hill hard.

"How can I tell? What d'ye mean, Turcan?" said Hill, trying to free himself from the old man's grip. "I did say she had known trouble, but I didn't say through me," he added.

"Through whom then?" demanded old Turcan anxiously.

"Her husband."

Old Turcan's hands fell to his sides and he staggered back.

"Why, my dear man, why you said——" he began.

"She is a widow."

"A—ah!"

A long sigh of relief came from the old man. He comprehended at once the fact of the girl being a widow being favorable to him. He murmured to himself, "She will not think it so strange of me."

"What do think of it?" he asked of his intended brother-in-law.

"I have nothing to do with it," muttered Hill.

"Yes, you can do so much for me, my lad," returned old Turcan softly. "As her brother you can put what I want of her before her. You can say Africa is not so bad as they say it is, that I am not so very old, nor so ugly—it is a matter of fancy, isn't it?—that I will do everything she wishes, that in a year she will be in England again. I will promise her that; and, hark ye, Hill, tell her I have made money; tell her that, will you? I have done well

by you too, I will do better. Tell her that. Now, will you write to her?"

"No," cried Hill; "she——" and he hesitated, "she has only lately lost her husband."

Old Turcan thought for a moment or two.

"Did she love him?" he asked.

Again a curious look came into Hill's face.

"I don't know."

"You will write? Where could I marry her? Perhaps at St. Paul de Loanda, before the Consul, who——"

"Stop! stop! you are going too quickly, old man," said Hill; "perhaps she will not come to you: who can say?"

"Ah, no one but herself. But you will write to her? Promise me that. Promise me!" almost fiercely.

"You must give me plenty of time to think of it."

"Nell, Nell," he repeated to himself, and turned away and left Hill to recover from his astonishment at the old man's awkward infatuation.

Old Turcan did not speak of the girl again that day.

He framed the photograph with coral-crusted seaweed—pink, white, and purple sprays, which he picked up on the beach, and hung it on the bare white wall of his bedroom.

The interval gave Hill time to think. First, the girl whom he had said was his sister was not his sister, but his own wife.

He had to deny her because he had come out to Africa and into old Turcan's employ as a single man.

A scoundrel at heart, but clever, with good address, he had, in the old country, robbed the great firm of London jewelers by whom he had been trusted.

They had not prosecuted for reasons of their own. After that, in another situation, he had pretended to lose an open check, which had been given to him to be cashed, but which he had in reality conveyed to the hands of a betting-man and publican to whom he owed money.

The publican swore he had given value for the check to a third party who had owed him a small sum and who disappeared after receiving the balance of the check.

The drawers of the check paid it, having no alternative, and not being able to find the third man, but they dismissed the loser of their check.

Ned Thorburn, for that was Hill's real name, now cast in his lot, but in secret, with the man into whose hands he had played, and went from bad to worse, until a time came when he wished to quit the country to avoid the law.

He saw in a Liverpool paper the advertisement of a firm of African merchants who required an assistant on the African coast, and he thought he could be nowhere safer than out on that solitary seaboard. He applied for the situation under a false name.

As the firm who wanted a man for their constituent, old Turcan, were, after the custom of African firms, by no means particular as to whom they took, provided they got a man cheap, he obtained the situation by means of forged references, and sailed in a trading brig.

He deserted his young wife, who knew nothing of where he had gone, though he had known very well where she was.

As he sat thinking thousands of miles from her, this idea flashed across his ready brain.

What if anything could be made of the situation? Could old Turcan be induced to send her money? Could he, Ned Thorburn, persuade her that her husband had sent it to her, so as to make her accept it?

She would not spend it if he told her to keep it as a nest-egg for him when he would return repentant to her. Oh, she would be sure enough to do so, she would be so happy to hear him.

What might be the largest sum old Turcan could be induced to send to her? A hundred pounds? To fit her out and pay for her passage to come out to him as a bride—and she would never leave England, and he chuckled.

Old Turcan ought to send more, he was so in love with the photograph, and Hill chuckled again at the thought of it. But what if old Turcan wrote to her? He would do so—a love-letter.

Why, Ned Thorburn always took the letters on board the mail-boat when she called at the point, and he could destroy any letter.

But when could he get away himself after that? Sometime before letters could come from England.

He could get an order out of old Turcan on a Portuguese house for what pay was due to him, or the most part of it, and on some excuse steal away down the coast in launch or boat, and so in secret on board the Portuguese mail for Lisbon, when it touched at Bambrix, some fifty miles down the coast: or, if old Turcan proved liberal to his wife, he might dispense with his little salary and take French leave of the old man.

He would be allowed away for a time if he feigned sickness; he was sure of that.

The more he considered his scheme the more feasible it looked. It was original. There was this: old Turcan had as good as promised him the charge of the factory in a year.

But, ah! he was sick of the life. The restlessness of his temperament was upon him, urging him to change.

He thought he was waiting with nothing but the sea and the land about him and the bright sky over him, and he yearned, even at the risk of his liberty, for the excitement or the temptations of the great city when he had money.

Again he speculated on the amount old Turcan might send his wife——"Ola! Ola!" shouted the watchman in his look-out on the highest part of the point.

"Ola! Ola!" again cried the watchman, and Hill knew that something was in sight, and casting aside his thoughts sprang to his feet.

He looked out seawards, shading his face with his hands. He made out the masts and spars of a large steamer which was coming down the coast, though still a long way off.

He waved his hand to the watchman, to show he saw the vessel. It was the first he had seen for a month, and he watched it in silence, until old Turcan came running out on the verandah.

"Why didn't you call me, Hill? Why didn't you call me?" he cried. "It's the mail!" and he ran for his sea-glass. "Will she come to us?" he asked, leveling the glass.

But his hands, strange to say, shook so that he could not steady the glass, and he handed it to Hill.

"Does she stand in?" asked the old man, opening the box on the verandah in which the signal flags were kept, and hauling them out one by one until he stood in the midst of a heap of them.

"I can't tell yet, sir," replied Hill maliciously. "She is coming in, I think," he added.

"Yes, yes," cried old Turcan, reaching for his glass.

"No! she is standing on."

"Clear away the signal halliards!" shouted old Turcan, running down the verandah steps and across the yard with the flags bundled in his arms.

He sent on the house-flag and the signals that he had cargo to ship. A man hoisted them in due time. When the steamer was nearly abreast of the point, up went the answering signals:

"No letters, cargo on return," she said, and without lessening her speed stood on her way to her furthest port, whence she would return on her homeward voyage.

Old Turcan came back to the factory disappointed. He had no cargo to ship, but he had wished to stop the steamer in the case, as sometimes happened, something might prevent her calling on her return voyage.

Hill waited for him on the verandah. The old man called him into the house as he passed him.

"My lad," said he, "write that letter—that letter to your sister. I have no patience till I see it done. I am in earnest, Hill."

"Was that why you would stop the steamer?" asked Hill.

"Yes, I thought you would write the letter, and I could get it on board. It will be better to have it written."

Old Turcan was acting as he had never before acted in his life. He was losing his head.

"Now was the time to clinch the matter," thought Hill. It was a risk, but on the instant he made up his mind.

"Well," said he slowly, "there's very little use in writing for any girl—for Nell, I mean—to come out here when she has no money to come with."

"Shall I send her an order to the agents in Liverpool?" asked old Turcan simply. He suspected nothing yet.

"You are very generous, sir."

"It is because I think so much of her. How much should I send to her? You know better than I."

"I think so—two hundred pounds?"

Hill had pitched the amount as high as he dared, but he was at once sorry he had not asked for more.

"Then there is the passage," he added sharply: "say another fifty."

"Two hundred and fifty in all," said old Turcan. "Now write that letter, my lad. I have not thought it possible she may not come to me," he added, "but in that case, if she will not come——"

"In that case," said Hill, grasping the old man's hand, "in that case I will repay to you every farthing of what you advance to her. It shall be a debt of mine, which I shall work my fingers off to repay to you. I know it will take time to do so; my screw—salary is not sufficient to allow it to be done quickly, but it shall be done, Turcan. What you send to my sister is only a present from me."

It flashed across his mind how his present protestations would match with the withdrawal of his salary when he should come to leave old Turcan; but then, of course, sickness would be his excuse.

But old Turcan would not hear of this offer, though it raised Hill in his estimation.

He said he could afford to give the money, in fact, to the girl he wished to make his wife. He had a meaner thought—that the gift might influence her decision in his favor.

"But I depend on you, Hill, I do," he said as he returned the younger man's grip with his sailor's fist.

"What a dunce he is!" thought Hill, and responded warmly, "I do not know any one I would rather see her married to, sir."

Old Turcan got out paper, pen and ink, and placed them before his prospective brother-in-law, and sat himself down at the table, with elbows on it, shading his eyes with his hands, and watched him. Then Hill found he could not pen a word with Turcan looking so intently at him.

To write such a letter as the old man wished him to write, to make falsehood appear truth, was impossible so long as the victim of his treachery was before him. He implored him to go away.

After he was gone, Hill managed to write a letter. He so carefully made out an order for one thousand dollars, payable to Mrs. Edward Thorburn.

Old Turcan took the letter with hands that trembled, and read and re-read each word of it, for he could only read slowly. But it seemed good to him, as it certainly was high-flown.

"You are clever, lad," he said; "you have written all you can for me, more than I should have dared to say for myself. I hope she may not be disappointed," and he sighed again. His earnestness was almost comical.

"Not she, I warrant; not when she sees you, old man," returned Hill, with concealed malice.

"And there is no danger in her coming, no danger to herself," went on old Turcan. "The salt breezes blow all fever back before it reaches us. If I had not known that, if I thought there was any danger——"

"If I thought there was danger, do you think I should let her come?" interrupted Hill virtuously. "No, not that she might might marry the richest man on the coast, and that's not you."

Old Turcan took the pen in a hand that trembled again, and sitting down, slowly wrote his name, "John Turcan," in big black letters across the foot of the letter, below where Hill had written neatly, "Your lover."

Hill took the letter from him and slipped the order before him. If old Turcan had looked at Hill he might have detected the momentary gleam of cunning and greed that crossed his face. But the unsuspicious and love-sick old man read the order slowly through.

The letter referred to his sending the money as a gift; and he signed the order, and asking for the letter, folded the order in it, and told Hill to put both into an envelope and address it.

Old Turcan read the address on the envelope and put the letter into his pocket. Then, with the writing of the letter his shyness seemingly being past, he put question after question to Hill regarding Nell, and got answer after answer invented, until the scoundrel was glad when the old man went away into his room.

That night Hill lay on his bed concocting in his mind the terms of the letter he intended sending to the girl who was his wife, saying he sent the money to her.

A painted canvas partition divided his room from old Turcan's, and through it, as he lay still, he heard the old man repeating over and over to himself the words of the false letter that had been written, and he chuckled to himself, and at last, turning over, dismissed every thought from his mind, as he had the knack of doing, and went smoothly to sleep.

It was gray light of early morning, hastening fast into broad daylight, when he was awakened by the "knock, knock" of the staff of the honest headman, Antonio Bowman, on his door.

He heard the negro shout, "Little master, caboocks live for come!"

He also heard old Turcan already stirring, and jumping up he threw a trade-blanket over his sleeping-suit and came out of his room.

Old Turcan was at the door of the house, and both men followed by Antonio Bowman, at once set out for the look-out, whence they could see all round them. The sea was still white with the breakers of the calemma, which roared in an ominous undertone.

But the men turned their backs upon the waves and gazed landward over the silent country, on which a mist lay white and heavy.

As the sun rose and dried it up, they made out the narrow path that led from the further bank of the river to the nearest native town, a path worn through the long grass, for the most part as high as a tall man's shoulders.

Suddenly, at a point in it there glinted in the sun's rays the spear-heads and sword-blades of the leading men of a company of bushmen making for a ford on the river.

This was the caboocks arriving, and as the men of it drew near a line of heavy, smooth, black elephants' tusks appeared like linked dots above the grass.

Each tusk was lashed to a stout bamboo and carried on the shoulders of two men. In front and rear, and beside the bearers of the tusks, marched the protectors and proprietors of the caboocks.

These were quickly joined from a side path by the chief men of several native towns, who darted from one to another of the strangers.

When the men of the caboocks reached the river bank and caught a full sight of the factory, they shook their spears and shouted, they rushed forward with all their remaining vigor and dashed into the water and streamed up the opposite bank at the foot of the cliff.

Old Turcan roughly counted the number of the tusks as they came swaying up the path, and found it to be fifty in all.

He turned to the factory and threw open the large doors of the cargo-room, and set his krooboys to knock the hoops off bales of cloth, and open cases of muskets, and roll forward puncheons of rum.

The loosened bales were thrown piece by piece on the shelves that ran round the room, and added to the piles of stuffs already upon them. The muskets were stacked, and a great brass tap was knocked into a puncheon.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Scientific and Useful.

JET FOR HARNESS AND BOOTS.—Three sticks of the best black sealing-wax dissolved in half a pint of spirits of wine, to be kept in a glass bottle, and well shaken previous to use. Apply with a soft sponge.

FROSTED GLASS.—A good imitation of frosted glass may be produced by applying to the glass a saturated solution of alum in water. It may be colored by the addition of aniline dyes. The coloring is not very permanent however.

STEAM HEATING.—One of the Northwestern railroads runs vestibuled trains heated by steam from the engine, and illuminated by electricity from a dynamo in the baggage car. The sleeping cars have a incandescent burner in every section.

INK-STAINS.—To take ink-stains out of linen, use a mixture of two parts cream of tartar and one part alum; pulverize together and make a strong solution in water; saturate the stain for a few minutes and wash. If not entirely removed, a weak solution of oxalic acid may be applied for a minute, then wash.

LEATHER CEMENT.—A good cement for leather can be made by dissolving gutta percha in bisulphide of carbon until like a treacle: the part that wants to be joined should first be well thinned down; then put a little of the cement on the two pieces, spreading it well so as to fill the pores of the leather; warm the parts over a fire for a minute or two; put them quickly together and hammer well. The cement should be kept in a bottle, well corked, and in a cool place.

LUMINOUS PAPER.—A simple receipt for making luminous paper. The composition consists of forty parts of ordinary paper pulp, ten parts water, ten parts phosphorescent powder, one part of gelatine and one bichromate of potassa. The phosphorescent powder is composed of sulphides of calcium, barium and strontium, well ground and mixed together. The bichromate of potassa acting on the gelatine renders the paper, which is manufactured in the ordinary way impermeable.

BICYCLE ENGINE.—A new bicycle engine is described as "simply a bicycle running on smooth steel and pushed by steam." This machine has a wheel 8 feet in diameter and two engines, each 12x14 stroke. From 550 to 600 revolutions or turns, equivalent to 150 miles per hour, are its piston speed and valve action. It is expected to take four cars, each seating eighty-eight passengers, 100 miles per hour if necessary. The weight of the cars is twenty-eight tons, or seven tons each. It would require ten palace cars, weighing 400 tons, or five passenger cars, weighing about half as much, to convey the same number of passengers.

Farm and Garden.

FODDER.—Corn-fodder should be cut in some kind of cutter that crushes the pieces while cutting them. This breaks the hard lining and renders the food more acceptable to stock.

TREES.—Under ordinary circumstances 20 feet is close enough to plant trees around the house. If tall growing varieties are selected they will afford considerable protection against lightning.

ROOTS.—Roots stored in the cellar cause disease in the household if allowed to decay and rot. The cellar is an excellent storage place for root crops, but they must be kept in good condition if disease is to be avoided.

SALT.—Be careful in using salt on the ground. Salt will kill weeds to a certain extent, and it is also a remedy for some kinds of grubs in the soil, but salt will kill other plants as well, and its use may result in a loss of some of the garden crops.

THE ORCHARD.—Don't trust to your memory when planting an orchard with several varieties of fruit, but make a diagram and preserve it for further use. The tree may not bear for four years, when the location of each variety may then be forgotten.

MARSH LAND.—It is estimated that the area of unreclaimed swamp and marsh land in the United States that can be drained and brought under cultivation is equal to that of all the cultivated lands, or nearly 300,000,000 acres. Much of this land could be reclaimed without much difficulty or expense, and would make farm land of great value.

GRAPES.—A cheap remedy for grape rot is to begin, early in the season, and scatter air-slacked lime freely over the vineyard, dusting not only the ground but the vines. It should be repeated at least once a month or after each rain. The work is as laborious as may be supposed, and will be more than regained in the crop. Such is the recommendation of a New Jersey horticulturist.

THE SOIL.—The better the preparation of the soil the less seed will be required. Many failures in the seed are not due so much to lack of vitality in the seed as to the unfavorable condition of the ground. It is always a matter of chance germination when seed broadcasted and left to be covered by the washing of the rain, and the harder and firmer the sand-bed the greater the difficulty in securing a crop from the seed. Pulverize the soil, harrow it down as fine as possible and then brush the seed in.

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 2, 1889.

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The Matter of Happiness.

This matter does not depend on the wisdom of books; it is a practical matter, of which learned men are often profoundly ignorant.

Carlyle said some good things about it, but gave no recipe for making it. He said that if the nations combined to make one shoeblack happy, they would fail; for if they gave him half the world, he would begin to want the other half.

He said likewise, that if but one precious thing were taken away from what we possess, we should know then how happy we had been. But all the same he did not tell us how to be happy.

Matthew Arnold defined happiness as a sense of hitting the mark; but where is the mark all along life's way, and how are we to hit it?

Another great thinker said he despaired of being happy since "there is no happiness for the gifted." The "gifted" thinker argued that happiness diminishes as intelligence increases; that the cow in the meadow may be happy, but not the man. This theory is a favorite one because it is flattering; but it is forgotten that the highest capacity for pain is also the highest capacity for enjoyment.

The cow in the field can eat grass and lie upon it; and feel the freshness of the day, and there its comfort ends. But who can count or measure the variety of joys any one of us thankless mortals has already received? Who can describe our capacity for happiness? As the starlit heavens are to our finite vision, it seems to go very near the infinite.

Ah! say the thinkers of discontented thoughts, that is precisely the reason why we suffer. The cattle know of no pleasure beyond eating grass; but we are conscious of an infinite craving. The more we have, if we get but leisure to rest and reflect, the greater is our hunger.

When we toil up mountains from summit to summit, there is always a higher summit that no man has trod, and we are not one inch nearer its mists and clouds.

There is a nameless, formless Something wanting, which cannot be got for love or money, nor for toil and time and tears.

Certainly, this is true. The infinite craving is the promise of our immortality. We should not wish to lose it. Still, though perfect happiness is not meant for us here, we were meant to be far happier than we let ourselves be.

We all have our own sky and landscape, if we will not fret to see something else. In a word, because we cannot have the perfection of happiness, there is no reason why we should not be patiently happy each in our place, a light and a strength and a pleasure to the corners of the world where our lot is cast.

But how? comes the repeated question. Oh, that there were some recipe for happiness in the household books!

There is "How to Make Biscuit," and "How to remove Stains from Marble," but not that simplest, most necessary recipe, "How to be Happy."

The best directions would be: "Keep an even mind, and carry about with you the philosopher's stone (or the modern equivalent for it) to turn common things to gold.

This needs an explanation, or it might be like a certain recipe which is of no use to the public, because it begins by requiring "crumbulations" of a fine purple color.

Evenness of mind, to the sensitive, nervous temperament, depends very much upon order. Regular hours of rising and of sleep; a certain broad order of duties in the day to prevent hurry, and to give the sense of rest that comes of duty done—not many things undertaken, but few and finished; this is part of the self-discipline that contentment depends on.

Secondly, beside order of time, visible order is a great help—neatness of person, and a home with the proverbial "place for everything and everything in its place," or rather restored to its place on the old-fashioned principle of clearing as we go.

Visible order in its highest degree becomes visible beauty—the home full of brightness and good taste, the face and dress and bearing as pleasing as care can make them.

All this outward order is a tonic for the mind.

Thirdly, if we do not cultivate the power of silence at need, our edifice of happiness—the work of many days, built up to shelter ourselves and others—may all fall down in one hour.

There must be in our recipe, added to the ingredients already stated, a small quantity of self-control in temper. The habit of cheerfulness will in time create a good temper; and, strangely enough, an honest pretence to be cheerful produces cheerfulness perfectly genuine.

Lastly, look to what we have, not to what we have not, and let not trifles vex and sadden us, since our heart is made for greater things.

If we try to satisfy ourselves we shall fail. If we seek our joy in others, we shall infallibly succeed. Continually we can find something to do for their welfare or comfort—not in great things, perhaps, but in the details of every day. Herein is the straight road to being happy "under all circumstances.

THE little I have seen of the world teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed through, the brief pulsations of joy, the feverish inquietude of hope and fear, the pressure of want, the desertion of friends, I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow-man with Him from whose hand it came.

THERE is not a little generalship and stratagem required in the managing and marshaling of our pleasures, so that each shall not mutually encroach to the destruction of all. For pleasures are very voracious, too apt to worry one another, and each, like Aaron's serpent, is prone to swallow up the rest. Thus, drinking will soon destroy the power, gaming the means, and sensuality the taste, for other pleasures less seductive, but far more salubrious and permanent, as they are pure.

HEALTH is the one thing needful; therefore no pains, expense, self-denial or restraint which we submit to for the sake of it is too much. Whether it requires us to relinquish lucrative situations, to abstain from favorite indulgences, to control intemperate passions, or undergo tedious regimens—whatever difficulties it lays us under, a man who pursues his happiness rationally and resolutely will be content to submit to it.

KIND words produce their own image in men's souls, and a beautiful image it is. They soothe and quiet and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his sour, morose, unkind feelings. We have not yet begun to use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used.

OUR imagination so magnifies this present existence, by the power of continual reflection on it, and so attenuates eternity, by not thinking of it at all, that we reduce an eternity to nothingness, and expand a mere nothing to an eternity; and this habit is so inveterately rooted in us that all the force of reason cannot induce us to lay it aside.

ERRORS to be dangerous must have a great deal of truth mingled with them; it is only from this alliance that they can ever obtain an extensive circulation. From pure extravagance, and genuine, unmingled falsehood, the world never has, and never can, sustain any mischief.

IF we traverse the world, it is possible to find cities without walls, without letters, without kings, without wealth, without coin, without schools and theatres; but a city without a temple, or that practiceth not worship, prayer and the like, no one ever saw.

ARGUMENT may be overcome by stronger argument, and force by greater force; but truth and force have no relation—nothing in common, nothing by which the one can act upon the other. They dwell apart, and will continue to do so till the end of time.

"WHAT is eternity?" was a question once asked at a deaf and dumb institution at Paris, and the beautiful and striking answer was given by one of the pupils, "The lifetime of the Almighty."

THE calm or agitation of our temper does not depend so much on the important events of life, as on an agreeable or disagreeable adjustment of little things which happen every day.

THERE is no folly of which a man who is not a fool cannot get rid of except vanity; of this nothing cures a man except experience of its bad consequences, if indeed anything can cure it.

TRUE glory consists in doing what deserves to be written, in writing what deserves to be read, and in so living as to make the world happier and better for our living in it.

PREJUDICE is a mist, which in our journey through the world often dims the brightest and obscures the best of all the good and glorious objects that meet us on our way.

THERE is no possible excuse for a guarded lie. Enthusiastic and impulsive people will sometimes falsify thoughtlessly, but equivocation is malice prepense.

WE derive from nature no fault that may not become a virtue, and no virtue that may not degenerate into a fault. Faults of the latter kind are the most difficult to cure.

TRIFLES discover a character more than actions of importance. In regard to the former, a person is off his guard, and thinks it not material to use disguise.

MUCH misconstruction and bitterness are spared to him who thinks naturally upon what he owes to others, rather than what he ought to expect from them.

MENTAL pleasures never cloy; unlike those of the body, they are increased by repetition, approved of by reflection, and strengthened by enjoyment.

IN conversation use some, but not too much ceremony: it teaches others to be courteous too. Demeanors are commonly paid back in their own coin.

IDLENESS is an inlet to disorder, and makes way for licentiousness. People that have nothing to do are quickly tired of their own company.

VENTURE not to the utmost bounds of even lawful pleasure. The limits of good and evil join.

OLD friends are best. King James used to call for his old shoes; they were easiest for his feet.

A MAN never outlives his conscience, and that, for this cause only, he cannot outlive himself.

The World's Happenings.

A lad of 9 is under arrest in Lowell, Mass., for horse stealing.

Telephrase is announced as the new name for telephone message.

A Harrisburg girl's face has been drawn out of shape by chewing gum.

Dr. Mary Walker has applied for a patent on an improved suspender.

The town of Springer, Oklahoma, has grown from 50 inhabitants to 5 000 in 10 days.

A shingle nail was found in a perfectly fresh egg recently by a farmer near Niles, Mich.

Caribou, Me., citizens were recently treated to the unusual sight of a rainbow by moonlight.

The youngest professor in the Florida State College is Lieutenant Bays, who is only 19 years of age.

Guilford, Vt., announces a live grasshopper that was hatched out in a field in the mild weather of January.

The "Men's Outfitter" has found a dude who made a manly chest by the use of a bustle on that portion of his anatomy.

In some parts of Ohio they talk of organizing an order of Night Caps for the purpose of breaking up the White Caps.

There are in Perry, Ga., 46 marriageable young ladies, 36 marriageable young men, 18 widows, and only 2 widowers.

It is said that a Pittsburg lady makes more money teaching whist than any preacher in town makes teaching religion.

There has been made in Geneva a music box that plays entire operas, the solos rendered by pipes representing the human voice.

The statistics of New England prove that 7 out of every 10 women left widows under the age of 35 marry again within two years.

A Westerner who aimed a kick at a dog missed the brute and struck a hitching post. The shock brought on an attack of heart disease and the man died in a few hours.

The Pawnee Indians have become so civilized that most of the bucks wear paper collars, the squaws wear red stockings, and all are catching on to popular songs and slang words.

A Connecticut lad complained of pain in an amputated hand, but the feeling, it is said, passed off when the member was dug up and the fingers, which were clasped, straightened out.

The people in a Western town are complaining because a local undertaker displays his coffins on the sidewalk outside his office, with prices attached, just like the furniture dealers.

A baby born in Yonkers, N. Y., weighed only two and a half pounds. The nurse's finger ring was easily passed over the child's hand and wrist. The youngster is healthy and expected to live.

A clergyman out in Wichita, Kan., has been asked to resign because his sermons are too long, and a clergyman in a neighboring town has been asked to resign because his sermons are too broad.

A Boston artist has had an eloquent tribute paid to him by a gamecock. He painted the bird so naturally that it became excited when shown the likeness and with beak and spurs destroyed the picture.

A clockmaker of Moorestown, N. J., found $637 in checks and bills stowed away in the works of a clock received for repairs. The owner put the money there for safe keeping, and afterward forgot the hiding place.

A Frenchman has invented a new system for propelling canal boats. It consists of an endless cable running along the two banks. The boats are moved at double the ordinary speed, and can readily be attached and detached from the cables.

Miss Ulie Johnson, of Elyria, O., recently went out to Burmah as a missionary. News now comes that the first thing she did after she had converted a native was to marry him. She had saved his soul and he had saved her body from an angry elephant.

Insignia of the British Knights of Bath, heretofore made of gold and extremely costly and paid for out of the British Treasury, are a thing of the past. Hereafter these insignia are to be made of silver-gilt, and by contract at a Birmingham shop in large batches.

Rushville, Ind., has a crow which has forsaken its kind and associates altogether with the chickens in a barnyard. At night it roosts with the poultry, and during the daytime feeds with them, and altogether conducts itself as a well-disposed chicken.

A Norwich, Conn., family owns a hen that shows a great superiority in matters of culture and education over others of her kind. Among her refinements is a custom of going up three steps to the front door, where she wipes her bill on the doormat after eating.

A gentleman who recently attended service at Whitehall Chapel, London, gives the following inventory of what he saw: Two clergymen, two pew-openers, two sextons, two organists, sixteen choristers, seventy-seven lighted candles and a congregation of thirty-three, including children.

A convict, who was recently released from the Joliet Penitentiary after serving six years' sentence, took with him $681 which he had earned by stone-cutting as "over work." The man knew nothing about that industry when he entered the prison, but he soon became skilled in the work owing to the energy with which he entered into it.

A Boston confectioner recently received the following note. "Sir—When I was a child over 20 years ago, I took off your counter in Brattle street a little sugar man, price probably one cent, and it has troubled my conscience off and on ever since; and once I sent money to you by a friend and she was ashamed to deliver it; so I enclose it by mail (20 cents) and beg that you will acknowledge it."

COME BACK.

BY WM. W. LONG.

I never knew how much I missed you
Until these lonely days came in between
Your face and mine—absence is death—
Beloved, come back—come back, my queen!

Come back, my sweet, and let me see and feel
Your presence in the old familiar room.
When you are gone the sun is cold and dead,
Life desolate beneath a shroud of gloom.

Come back, and let me see your tender face,
The beauty of your great, sad, holy eyes:
And hear the music of your voice—come back,
Without thee the promise of my lone life dies.

A Knot Cut.

BY A. Y. R.

A WOMAN stood for a moment on the landing, looking down at the crowd, which the two policemen at the head of the staircase were driving back.

Men, women, and even children, were surging up the narrow staircase, inspired by a morbid curiosity to try and get a glimpse at that attic door, which shut in the dreadful spectacle of murder.

A man lay in that room, stabbed through the heart.

It was the ghastly stream of his blood, spilt by his brother man, trickling sluggishly beneath the doorway, which had first drawn attention to his end.

Hoarse voices speculated as to the cause of the crime.

The police were besieged with questions, which they could not answer, though they put on a wise, impenetrable, superior kind of air, as if they could say much on the subject if they only cared to do so.

The door of the house had stood open most of that day, for there were workmen about it, doing repairs after the dilatory, happy-go-lucky fashion in which poor people's houses are generally treated.

The murderer must have come and gone with the people, who were coming and going all day long, in that overcrowded tenement.

The winter day was short. The dusk of a November evening set in soon, and the fog and the drizzling rain had made the twilight darker.

He had probably come as the afternoon was closing in; one of the many children in the house had heard the murdered man singing in his room at his dinner-hour.

Public indignation was all the greater, because the man had been a universal favorite.

The woman standing on the landing heard all this discussed. She had heard it discussed by the crowd outside, standing staring up at the house as if its dreadful secret were written on its walls.

She had heard every possible theory as to the murderer and his motive suggested, as she forced her way up the staircase; everybody, who recognized her as "the young woman who lived in the next attic," to that occupied by the dead man, called out to her what had happened.

She had been away all day at her work, and only learned the news on her return. The police let her pass when she told them that she lived up there.

She stopped on the landing and looked down at the excited, and upturned faces.

One man, one of the foremost in the crowd, a slightly-built, quiet-faced young man, dressed like a respectable workman, who had not added any theory to all those eagerly propounded about him, but had stood with his hands in his pockets, apathetically staring at the guarded door, looked up with a curious, sudden swiftness as she looked down.

As it happened, her eyes, with a suppressed, expectant watchfulness of vision: taking in the whole of those upturned faces, were resting really on his.

Perhaps it was rather her other senses which were conveying to her mind the consciousness of that eager, vengence-excited crowd of men and women; and she only saw, in reality, that one pale, quiet face.

For, as their eyes met—a sudden shock like that of an electric current flowing from him to her—set her quivering with a fear and a repulsion, and she suddenly cared nothing for the rest of that crowd.

They might have been puppets in some mimic show. They were nothing. It was only this one man, with that strange, terrible keenness of vision, against whom she had to guard.

She turned and went into her room, shutting to the door upon her.

"Who is that?" asked the workman of the policemen.

"Janet Malone, sempstress."

* * * * * *

It was three weeks after the murder. Life in 108 Treverton Street; had gone back into its usual routine.

The murder was still a mystery; but the dead man had been buried.

The police no longer haunted the street. Even the murdered man's room had a new lodger. The young workman, whom Janet Malone had noticed, had taken the room.

As yet, few in the house had seen him, and still fewer had exchanged any words with him.

People looked rather askance at him for taking such a lodging, at least, so soon after the tragedy. But he showed himself rather taciturn and reserved to his new neighbors, and quite indifferent to their opinions.

His work was irregular, or else he was lazy, for he went in and out in a desultory fashion; sometimes spending the whole day in his room, and only going out late in the evening, returning when all the respectable occupants of the house were in bed.

On other days he would go out early and be away all day.

If everybody in that house had not been too much engaged in solving the problem of existence to notice it, they might have discovered that his restless, indifferent air was but a cloak to the most intense watchfulness.

When he was alone that listlessness would fall from him; and every movement would betray an alert decision that boded ill for the person who had been deceived by his appearance of languor, and his eyes would brighten into that keenness of vision which had so terrified Janet Malone.

She had not met him again. She did not even know that he had taken the room next to hers. She made the discovery one day, about ten days after he had been in the house.

She recognized him at once. Indeed, his face, with its quiet, vigilant power, had haunted her since the day of the murder.

The workmen had left their work in the house half-finished. One of the repairs to which they had to attend, was the chimney in her room.

Some days, according to the wind, the smoke, instead of going up, poured down into the room in a manner almost intolerable. She had made endless complaints to the agent of the landlord, but nothing had been done, and now the workmen had once more gone away without rectifying the chimney.

This evening, when she came home from her work and lighted her fire, the smoke was worse than ever. Half suffocated, she flung open her door, and stepped out into the landing.

At the same moment—so close upon it, that it almost seemed as if the opening of her door had been the signal for him to open his—the young workman appeared in his doorway.

Janet recognized him through the wreaths of smoke rolling up between them. She shrank back, under the shock of his unexpected presence.

"Is your room on fire?" he asked. "What a smoke!"

"No." She had recovered herself. "It is my chimney."

She laughed, but shivered at the same moment, as if with cold. He knew that it was not physical cold that had made her shudder; but he glanced up at the open trap door overhead. It was left open to allow the smoke from her room to escape. Through it could be seen the broken roof, from which the rain was dropping to the landing where they stood.

His face blackened.

"It's infamous! The house isn't fit for a dog."

"The landlord apparently thinks it is fit for human beings," she said bitterly. And then, in a kinder tone, "I am afraid you find that open trap-door disagreeable. But I am obliged to have it open, or we should be suffocated with the smoke."

"Oh! I don't mind. But you—you must have been perished these last bitter days."

She made an impatient movement.

"One gets used to everything."

"Philosophy!" He laughed, wondering again as he had so often wondered during the past fortnight when he had secretly watched her comings and goings, and listened to her voice, how it happened that a woman of such refinement should be living in her position.

He had been educated in a different position himself, and knew that these rough work-people about her were not of her order.

"Let me come in and look at your chimney," he added. "I am a Jack of all trades."

She hesitated a second, then without speaking, led the way into her room. He followed.

The room was full of smoke, and just as they entered a violent gust of wind brought down an avalanche of soot and rubbish on the fire, extinguishing the feeble flames which were already almost succumbing to adverse circumstances.

With a dismayed cry, they both rushed to the fireplace. He insisted upon clearing up the place for her, and they grew quite sociable as they laughed and talked over the catastrophe in her exquisitely clean and neat room.

When some sort of order was reestablished, he would take no denial to his request, that she should come in and have a cup of tea by his fire.

She yielded at last. She was cold and tired, and had come home from her work, with all a woman's longing for a cup of tea. The boiling of her own kettle looked hopeless, and he had been very kind. Yet it cost her a terrible effort to cross the threshold of that room.

Though he talked away cheerfully, and did not seem to look at her, he saw the faint shuddering hesitation in the doorway. He put her a chair near the fire, and making his tea, poured her out a cup and cut her some bread and butter.

She sat leaning back in her chair watching him. It was long since she had been waited on like this. It took her back to old days when——

She relentlessly drove back the thought. She was a workwoman now. He sat at the table drinking his own tea, and talking sensibly and pleasantly upon various tropics; but he was gradually leading up to one.

"Yes, one might really think poverty a crime, it takes a man into such strange places. For instance, my coming to this room. It is not pleasant exactly, but the landlord has taken off a little of the rent owing to the recent event; and dead men don't trouble the living. And you too—you have not felt it necessary to change your room."

"As you say, poor people cannot always follow their fancies."

"You are sensible. Why should you go to the expense and bother of moving. The dead man is at peace. So apparently is his murderer. I wonder what the police are about."

"The police, like a good many other people, may make a wrong start to begin with; and each step naturally only leads them farther from their goal."

"You mean that they may base their conclusions on an error," he said abstractedly.

"The first thing is, doubtless, to find out the right motive of the crime," he went on. 'In the case of this Patrick O'Connor it was certainly not robbery; it was probably personal revenge."

"Probably, as the murderer took nothing."

"Or there are such things as secret societies; for this man, from all accounts, could scarcely have had a personal enemy. He may have failed the society he belonged to, and was therefore marked out for vengeance."

She answered him quietly, her manner being perfectly self-possessed, But he saw by her eyes that he was torturing her.

They were the windows of her soul, which was rebelling, fluttering, crying out against his merciless treatment. He had seen enough—for the present—and he let her go. He turned the conversation. She talked a few minutes more, and then rose.

He rose, too, and, as he bid her good-bye, a sudden discovery he made, fell on him like a shock. She was a beautiful woman.

Up to this moment, he had seen her only a tired, haggard-faced woman, with heavy eyes and pale lips.

Now, though she was outwardly so quiet, her cheeks and lips were tinged with a crimson of intense excitement, and her eyes were brilliant with that same suppressed pain and fear.

The manhood in him was suddenly stirred to its foundations by her beautiful, suffering womanhood.

"I was right," he said, as he stood alone staring into his fire. "She knows all about it. It was a wise thing coming here. She has some motive, too, for staying in the house; that motive may guide me to the plans of the murderer."

Nothing showed more clearly how powerfully she had moved him, than the fact that his previous suspicion that she had been an accomplice in the deed had completely vanished.

The murder had only been known to her after it was done; of that he was now certain. She must be shielding some one through affection, or fear; she, too, might be a member of that secret society to which he had already found out the murdered man belonged.

That evening began an acquaintance which continued. Janet tried hard, at first, to break it off; but she yielded at last, to the gentle, but irresistable, persistence he brought to bear on her.

There were moments when she became conscious of this quiet but relentless will which had mastered her own, in this simple matter of acquaintanceship, and then she was filled with fear, and rebelled against it, only to succumb again to the charm she really found in his society.

These moments of anger and revolt became rarer as the days went on. After all, it was pleasant to have a companion to whom she could talk as to an equal. For he, too, she was certain, came from a different class to that surrounding him.

He was educated, clever, refined: but, as she kept her past to herself, so did he his, and they were both contented to take the present, as it was.

He had fallen into a way of almost daily meeting her, as she came home from her work, and not a day passed without their exchanging greetings and seeing each other for, at least, a few moments, either in the house or streets.

Her old fear of him vanished, and, day by day, some subtle sympathy, to be felt but not expressed, drew them closer to each other.

It was such a relief to her loneliness. How lonely she had been during the last few years she did not know till she felt what this companion was to her now. It was such a relief to that gnawing, horrible fear of anticipation which had haunted her solitude, ever since the day of the murder.

Every moment might bring to her what she dreaded, with such dreadful shrinking repulsion. She was terrified at being alone.

The simple, pleasant, frank friendship between her and Mark Grey was a very haven of refuge and peace from her own unrestful loneliness, and that thing which she dreaded.

But it was coming near her, very near; and as she walked and talked with this man, she little knew that it was he who, in another life to the one he showed to her, was ruthlessly driving it on.

She had once asked him what his work was. But he had evaded her question. He had a curious and growing dislike now to meet her eyes after he had deceived her in an answer.

She thought he worked too hard, for he seemed as she talked to him one afternoon, about a month after she had known him, to have grown paler and thinner, while at moments his face had a harrassed look. She made some remark about it. He answered her in a constrained and rather cold manner.

For the next three days she saw nothing of him. He did not even sleep in the house. It was at the end of these three days that she discovered by the loneliness caused by his absence, how pleasant their companionship had been.

She came home that third evening, feeling the old weary listlessness and indifference of life; but as she turned the handle of her door all that was swept away, in the great and shuddering horror that fell upon her. That which she had dreaded had come.

Her door was locked on the inside. She had never fastened it since the day of the murder, on the morning of which she had accidentally left it unlocked.

Since then, she had always left it unfastened, so that the room might be a refuge in case some miserable hunted fugitive from justice, might fly there. There had been no pity in her action.

Pity was turned into hate, and lay cold at her heart as the murdered love which had once been between her and that fugitive.

It was a mere sense of moral obligation. She was bound to this fugitive by hated fetters, but she was bound, and she was compelled to help him.

"It is I," she breathed rather than spoke.

The door was opened, and she faced a tall, powerfully-built man, whose face and figure were so terribly worn by hunger, need, desperation, exhaustion, that for a second she scarcely recognised him, and stood gazing at him. He pulled her into the room with a fierce, hunted look in his eyes, and closed and locked the door again.

"Why have you come here?" she gasped in a low, hoarse voice. "When——"

He laughed a harsh sinister laugh.

"So you found out that I had been there! Well, he was a traitor!"

"Oh, the wickedness of it! He was an

honest, happy, hard-working man; his only crime that he had once been one of yours."

"Look here!" with a savage, cruel threatening in his eyes. "Don't talk of what you don't understand! Get me food and let me rest. I have been hunted down like a wild beast since that day. The police, curse them, have been on my track ever since. I could not get out of the country. I have gone without food, shelter, warmth. But I have given them the slip. They will hardly think I have doubled back here. How did you know that I was here that day?"

"When I came home I found that I had left my door unfastened, and when I came in I saw the red marks of fingers on the box where my money was kept. The money was gone. Only you knew the secret of the lock; besides, I knew you had a personal grudge against——"

"Curse you! He was a traitor! Give me something to eat. I have starved for two days."

Sue prepared a meal for him, and he sat down and ate it wolfishly. She could not even pity him for the awful hunger he must have felt to eat like that. She began to be afraid of the hate in her heart. She felt sick with it. To see him sitting there in her room, which she had kept unpolluted from his presence for three years, filled her with a desperate, wild loathing and rage. She could not look at him, speak to him.

By-and-by, when the food, and warmth, and rest had strengthened him a little, and he could think of other things beside his own desperate, hunted self, he looked at her, and something maliciously amused, and yet cruel and angry, leapt into his eyes.

"You aren't pleased to see me," he said, with a laugh. "It isn't dutiful," and he flung out his arms as she passed him and caught her to him.

"How dare you!" She had wrenched herself free and caught up a knife from the table at the same moment. "If you touch me—speak to me—I will stab you to the heart."

He was cowed by the splendor of her passion, her anger, and he fell back sullen, enraged; but remembering that he was for the moment in her power, he cursed her under his breath, and then flung himself down on the bed to sleep.

She could scarcely breathe in the same atmosphere as he did, and yet she did not dare leave the room. Suppose Mark Grey came and found him there.

The quick, light footsteps she knew so well came running up the staircase outside her room! Before her tortured brain could think what she must do, they stopped at her door. There was a quick eager tapping on it.

She sprang to her feet, and ran to it, opened it, and passed out on the landing, closing it swiftly behind her.

Mark Grey stood there waiting for her. Some powerful feeling stirring him, touched her, and she knew before he had spoken that this was not the Mark Grey she had hitherto known.

But she had no time to wonder what the change was. He caught her hands in his. She felt them burning her.

"It seems so long since I have seen you, Janet. May I call you Janet——?"

"Hush!" she whispered in a sharp voice that pierced her own ears, "you must not speak so loudly. My husband is in there asleep——"

"Your husband!" His burning hands went suddenly cold as death, and their chill struck to her heart. "Your husband, Janet!"

"Yes. Her husband!" The door of the room was flung open, and Joseph Malone stood in the light falling from the room on to the dark landing, his eyes ablaze with jealousy and fury.

"So this is why you would not kiss me! You——"

"Hush! Joseph! Oh, hush!" She pressed her hand against his lips to check the foul words upon them. "Go back, unless you wish to kill me."

But he stood for a second like a man turned suddenly to stone. The light from the room fell full on the white, set face of the other man, and as the mist of fury cleared from Malone's eyes, he saw that face plainly for the first time. He drew back instinctively into the room, and she followed, swiftly shutting the door between them and Mark Grey.

"Why did you risk so much by showing——?" she began and then stopped, terrified by the look on his face.

"You vile traitor!" he hissed, "to sell me to the police. Don't pretend you don't understand, or I will choke the lie in your throat. That is Jermyn, the detective, who has been hunting me down like a blood-hound. But I will——"

He pulled out a revolver from his breast. But, with a cry, she sprang between him and the door.

"He shall not touch you. You are my husband! And——"

She was out of the room before she had finished her sentence. She heard steps a little heavy and uncertain, descending the staircase, and she ran down to overtake them.

* * * * * *

Mark Jermyn had no distinct consciousness of going out of the house into the street. He had come to see her that night because the love which had grown up in his heart for her had overmastered him at last.

Three days before he had been on the verge of betraying himself. But he had conquered. He must succeed first in the task set him to do, of hunting down not only a murderer but a traitor.

Some other thought, too, governed him. He knew that she had some interest in the man he was bringing to justice—not the interest of love. He, with wonderful keenness of perception, both natural and trained, had discovered that this murderer was an abhorrence to her. But still she shielded him.

And a sense of honor and delicacy intensely strong, in spite of the profession he followed, forbade his trying to win her love till he could first show himself in his natural colors.

He had remembered that another day or two must bring his task to its end. The net, which not only caught this red-handed fugitive from justice, but a gang of evil confederates, was closing in on them.

This very night his plans were to be put into execution. It would be a proceeding of no little peril, and he had come to have one last look at her in case——

And now when he had thought his quarry secure in a totally different quarter of the city, he found him in the very house where—— All the mortification of his baffled plans—and it would have been cruel enough at another time—was swallowed up in the greater passions rending his heart.

This man—this murderer, round whose neck he had with such matchless skill and patience been twisting a halter—was her husband! And he had not even known that any man had called her wife. He stood outside, gazing across the street his eyes dark, and burning with suffering, jealousy, and bitterness.

Why had she not told him?

"Mark!" She stood by his side. For the first time she used his Christian name. The name by which she had hitherto called him was not his; and she could not use this other, which showed him to be the dead man's avenger. He did not stir nor speak, and she laid her hand on his arm.

"Mark," she said again, "I never told you because I was so ashamed that such a man had called me wife. We were married seven years ago. I was a girl then—only eighteen—foolish, ignorant, romantic. I met him abroad; he was over there posing as a martyr for his country—Ireland. He was eloquent, enthusiastic about the bitter wrongs of his country and people, and I believed him.

Her voice broke into a more passionate note, but she quelled it.

"I believed that he was a brave patriot, who had given his all for his country, and was being shamefully persecuted by his oppressors. I married him, and found him to be a liar—rapacious, revengeful, cruel. Instead of having given up all for his country, he was growing rich out of the poor and ignorant who trusted him. I learned to hate, despise, and fear him. After a time I left him, and have lived as you know how. And now to add to his crimes he has committed this last most dreadful one of all—and still I come to you to plead for his life, though he has been the anguish of mine."

She knew the man to whom she was pleading; some desperate, dumb fear of herself guided her to the knowledge. If she could plead for that miserable wretch, he could crush his own feelings and listen.

It was no time for love; and yet she knew that he loved her as she loved him. But between them this unspoken love lay like a naked sword, commanding their faith and purity. And she could see but one way to obey that command—to spare the man who kept their lives apart. He understood her. But his mind refused to submit, because of another element warring in it.

There was love! If he let this man escape, he lost his love. Fear! For if he laid his hand on this man, might it not be a treacherous revenge for the love he was losing! But amid this tumult of heart-voices, another spoke, and it grew louder and clearer.

Duty. If he let this man go, he was a traitor himself. He had had his orders. Till to-night he had obeyed such orders as an honorable man should.

Yet if he obeyed to-night, would not she turn from him as a coward who had sacrificed this rival for the sake of his love? She could not see this duty. She was arguing desperately against their love to save their honor. But there was this other call——

And then suddenly, all fear of her misunderstanding him vanished. The clouds of stormy passion cleared from his brain.

He had always made duty a plain path to his feet. And now in this moment of his supreme ordeal, the simple rectitude of his life saved him.

"Janet," he said quietly though his voice was fainter from the storm that had shaken him, "I cannot do what you ask."

She fell back against the railing, clasping it with her hand to steady herself. All hesitation gone now; he ran up the steps leading to the housedoor. It was ajar as she had left it.

Though the scene might have taken an age if measured by the passion of it, it had in reality passed in a few seconds. But now that he was acting again, every second lost seemed precious as an hour.

What, if his quarry had escaped? He ran upstairs with swift, light feet, drawing his revolver as he went. The man was powerfully built and desperate.

If he had met any men on his way upstairs, he would have told them to guard the door and the windows in case—but only a woman came out of one of the rooms as he passed, and he had no time to stay and seek help.

He must grapple with the murder alone. His only fear now was, that he had escaped by the back of the house.

Oh! Why had he lost even those few seconds? He reached the landing—there was no sound from the closed door of Janet's room.

He tried the handle. It was locked on the inside, for, bending swiftly to look, he saw the key showing dark against the light in the room.

With a mighty effort, he flung himself with his whole force against the door. The frail lock gave way, and bursting open the door, Jermyn sprang into the room. To see that Joseph Malone had escaped.

The room was as he had always seen it, when, in passing; he had caught a glimpse into its purity of neatness and cleanness. The only disorder were the remains of that supper left on the table, and the disarranged coverlet, upon which the murderer had flung himself mud-stained, weary, sullen, and full of hate to the woman who had done her best to save him.

And he lay now across her hearth, beyond the reach of justice as of human help, done to death by his own desperate, despairing hand. This was his last way of escape from the halter already closing round his neck.

Patrick O'Connor was avenged, and a problem of love and life solved.

Friendly Attentions.

BY S. W. P.

"HERE he is at last!" and Lilla Esdaile sprang to meet her brother and pin in his buttonhole the sprays of maiden-hair-fern and the white double campanula which were all her small flower-bed afforded. "What a time you have been dressing! I daresay you were reading instead of beautifying. I wish your coat were not so shabby, and I wish I were going with you!"

"My dear Lil," said a feeble voice from the sofa drawn in front of the fire. "If you are going to detain Fritz to listen to all the wishes that crowd your little head, he will not reach Laughton Court before midnight."

"Papa, you shouldn't exaggerate so awfully. I am doing my best to send him off as quickly as I can," and Lilla flew round the room with an air of playful importance. "Here are his gloves, I have cleaned them beautifully; and his handkerchief scented with lavender; and he only wants a final brush, and then good-bye to him."

But Fritz Esdaile stopped to clasp the fleshless hand of his invalid father before he went away.

"It's hardly fair," he said, "to go and enjoy myself while you lie here and suffer."

"Nonsense, lad. I can't have you here always," responded Mr. Esdaile, cheerfully. "Besides, I am almost free from pain this evening. It is kind of Sir Thomas to remember you, and you will have plenty to tell me to-morrow, for his pictures are very fine, and he has a splendid collection of antique marbles."

"I wish Fritz were not obliged to walk, for it is so muddy," ejaculated Lilla, when the door closed after the young man, "and I do so hope that hateful, detestable Dolph Rollins will not be there."

"This is strong language, Lil," her father observed.

"Yes, it is; but you don't know how unpleasant he always makes himself to Fritz. Ever since we have been poor he has been so annoying that it makes my blood tingle to think of it."

"My dear, our lad is strong enough both in mind and body to hold his own against such a youth as Dolph Rollins!" exclaimed the father, proudly.

"I know that, but recollect, papa, a gadfly can sting and irritate a lion: and though Fritz never appears to feel hurt or annoyed, I have seen him clench his hand, and the color come into his face, and——"

"Tell me no more," gasped Mr. Esdaile. "If I had not been so weakly credulous and risked in speculations the money I ought to have guarded for my children, they would not be under the lash of thoughtless, heartless——"

But here Lilla, frightened at the mischief she had wrought, contrived to close his lips with her kisses, and did not leave his side again till she had read him to sleep.

Then her thoughts followed Fritz to Laughton Court, whose owners, Sir Thomas and Lady Laughton, had just returned from a lengthened sojourn in some islands of the South Pacific, of which the baronet had been appointed governor.

Many changes had occurred in the neighborhood during their absence.

The old rector was dead, and a very high-church young rector reigned in his stead.

The elderly doctor, on whom my lady placed so much faith, had retired in favor of a brisk little gentlemen, so full of new theories and so fond of experimentalising, that the more nervous of his patients were afraid of him.

One of the oldest and most valued of Sir Thomas's friends, Anthony Esdaile, had ruined himself; and after giving up everything to his creditors was partially dependent on the scanty payment received by his son as junior clerk in the bank, while the very pretty house Mr. Esdaile once owned had been purchased by the Rollins family, whom few liked, and many detested.

Still, they were wealthy people, kept up a large establishment, dealt with the tradespeople in the village, subscribed largely to all the local charities, and were generous to the poor.

Fat, good-natured Mrs. Rollins gave plenty of entertainments, her husband never grumbled at the expense: and Adolphus, the son and heir of these vulgar, but really very worthy people, gave himself airs; everyone forgave him for it, especially the marriageable young ladies.

Dolph Rollins had arrived at the Court an hour before Fritz put in an appearance, and was lounging about the drawing-room on the best of terms with himself.

He had offended his host by criticizing a gem of Guido's, a queer old thing, to which he wouldn't give house-room, and he had shocked Lady Laughton by his loud voice and hoarse laughter.

But he had not discovered this. He was leaning over the chair of a young lady, whose almost convulsive tittering he attributed to his witticisms, when he caught sight of Fritz, who was listening with grateful pleasure to the cordial welcome accorded him by Sir Thomas.

"Oh, here you are, my boy," cried Dolph slipping his arm through that of Fritz, patronizingly. "Now don't look so bashful and shy. If you are not accustomed to good company it's not your fault, and we all know the reason why. I'll take care of him, Sir Thomas, and show him round. Fritz and I are old friends and schoolfellows. I don't forget that. There's nothing like pride about me!"

Much against his will Fritz was dragged across the room, and that so hastily that he could scarcely avoid stepping on the fan a young girl quietly dressed in deep mourning dropped, as she seated herself at a table on which stood a stereoscope; and a folio of photographs taken by the Laughtons during their travels.

However, Fritz contrived to stoop for the fragile toy of ivory and feathers, receiving as thanks a sweet, pensive smile, that illumed into positive beauty the pale, thoughtful face raised for a moment to his own.

But Dolph hurried him on to where half a dozen young ladies had grouped themselves and were conversing gaily.

They were all known to Fritz as residents in the neighborhood, except an excessively pretty creature, whose charms were enhanced by a Parisian costume, and whose bright eyes sparkled with smiles as the young men drew near.

"Here's another captive for you, Miss Haydon," cried Dolph, noisily. "This is my friend Esdaile, the village poet; fact I assure you. He makes rhymes at railway speed. I've caught him at it. I'm not sure whether he isn't the original composer of 'Mary had a little lamb,' but I am positive that he has written versicles quite as sweetly simple."

To be made to look ridiculous is as severe a trial as a sensitive man can have to endure, and in spite of himself Fritz crimsoned and bit his lips, for all eyes were upon him, and smiles and glances were interchanged by the thoughtless girls, who did not know what he was suffering.

"But do you really write poetry, Mr. Esdaile?" asked pretty Miss Maydon.

"Of course he does," replied Dolph for him. Then giving Fritz a push towards a vacant chair beside the young ladies, he added, in a half whisper, "Now then! here's a chance for you! a beauty and an heiress; fact, 'pon honor, just come in for a heap of money, so go in and win."

Pretty Miss Haydon was a born flirt and quite willing to amuse herself for an hour by chatting to a gentlemanly young fellow like Fritz Esdaile: but he was not at all inclined to number himself amongst her victims, and Dolph's advice was an insult.

Still he made so courteous a speech about retreating from such a dangerous neighborhood that Miss Haydon was quite sorry to lose him,

"However, he made good his escape before anyone could prevent it, and found himself a seat at the table over which the young lady in mourning was still bending.

She passed the folio of photographs to him, and insensibly they fell into conversation respecting them.

She had never traveled, she said, having spent several years in close attendance on the very dear relative for whom she wore the trappings of woe, and perhaps it was the monotony of her life that made her long to see more of the beautiful world she only knew from books.

She had read much and well, and so had Fritz, and they were talking of Stanley and his African explorations when Dolph came to put an end to their pleasant chat.

"I say, it is too bad of you to leave me to entertain all the ladies while you mope in a corner. How am I to bring you out and make you known if you won't second my efforts. You'll excuse my friend, Miss—a—a—I forgot your name, if I've ever heard it." Dolph saw no necessity for wasting much civility on such a dowdy, as he mentally designated her. "We are going to have a turn at a game called 'Animal, Vegetable, and Mineral,' and we want your help."

But Fritz would not be hurried away till he had offered an arm to his fair companion, for whom, on learning that she would rather look on than join the players, he found a chair in a cozy corner.

Ere long he regretted his own good-natured readiness to oblige, for Dolph insisted on instituting forfeits, and the game, which might have been soberly pleasant, threatened to degenerate into a romp.

Pretty Emma Haydon was deputed to cry the forfeits of which Dolph had a score or more at his fingers' ends, and when the only one that Fritz incurred was held up, his eyes twinkled with malicious glee.

"Hi! Esdaile, where are you! Come forward and listen to your doom. You shall recite one of your poems.

"Oh! It's no use trying to back out," he added, boisterously. "Draw up your chairs, ladies; let's form a circle round our victim, and hold him fast till he complies.

Go on, Mister Poet; what will you give us, a node or a nelegy? Begin, we are all attention.'

With nods and winks, and looks significant of the rare fun they would all have at the expense of the would-be rymester, Dolph took up his own station close to Emma Haydon, then shouted for silence so loudly, that Sir Thomas and some of the elder guests were attracted to that end of the room.

Bitterly did Fritz regret having accepted the invitation that entailed upon him so much annoyance; but he had it in his power to turn the tables on his tormentor, and after a moment's hesitation he did so unhesitatingly.

He had seen the only person who was not eager to join in a laugh at his expense rise from her seat flushed with indignation, but he gave her a reassuring smile, and drew a magazine from his pocket.

Then brainless beauty giggled, and Dolph sniggered; but, unheeding their mirth, Fritz addressed himself to the other members of his audience.

"It is such a trying ordeal to which you are subjecting me," he said in tones low but distinct enough to reach every ear, "that I must have declined to submit myself to it, if I had not remembered that I took from the postman, as I left my father's house, this gratifying proof that I can make verses cleverer men than myself approve of."

"You don't mean to say you have had some printed?" asked Dolph, with provoking incredulity.

"Will you read them?" queried Fritz, still preserving his good temper.

But half-a-dozen voices were raised to protest against this, and the young girl in black stepped into the circle.

"I have been accustomed to read aloud. May I?"

She held out her hand for the periodical; and Fritz, thanking her with a graceful reliance, retired to a window, where he listened breathlessly to the verses, that gained additional beauty from the faultless and sympathetic intonation of the reader.

A murmur of applause had heard as she ceased. The poem was the stamp of genius and Sir Thomas Laughton warmly commended, even while he criticized it.

These criticisms were received by the young author with such evident desire to profit by them, and he bore himself so modestly when the pretty women crowded round to praise his efforts, that everyone felt sorry and ashamed when Dolph Rollins pushed his way to the front.

"You haven't told us where you got those ideas, eh? Not out of your own brain—no, not Come! be honest, and make confession. There's been a little bit of plagiarism, hasn't there?"

"This is an insult!" exclaimed a voice, which Fritz recognised, and Sir Thomas hastened to interfere.

"There is such a thing, Mr. Rollins, as carrying a love of joking too far, and you see our young Irland cannot have his revenge. No one will ever suspect you of writing poetry, whether original or the reverse!"

Dolph did not quite understand the hidden sarcasm, but he saw such amused looks on the faces of the bystanders that he grew red and angry.

However, Sir Thomas had walked away taking Fritz with him, and ere long the party broke up.

Before taking his own departure Fritz learned that the young lady in black was a Miss Gertrude Haydon, cousin and companion to the beauty; and he was agreeably surprised, two or three days after, to find her sitting on the sofa by his father.

She blushed a little as she accounted for the visit. Many years ago her parents, since dead, had been acquainted with Mr. Esdaile, one of whose books, a valuable one, she had found amongst her father's.

She had taken this opportunity of returning it, and so completely won the liking of the invalid and his daughter, that they would not let her go till she had promised them another visit.

This was followed by more, for Gertrude Haydon, sobered by many troubles, rarely cared to join in the amusements set on foot by Sir Thomas and Lady Laughton for their youthful guests.

While pretty Emma distinguished herself at tennis and archery, rode with one, danced with another, and flirted with every eligible who came in her way, her cousin was content to spend long mornings in the library, assisting their host in arranging and classifying his collections, to work or chat with Lady Laughton in the evening, and take long walks, often solitary ones in the afternoon.

If Lilla Esdaile was sometimes her companion or Fritz escorted her back to the Court after she had cheered his father by spending an hour in talking or reading to him, who could be surprised.

One day, as Fritz was going home from the bank in which he was employed, Dolph Rollins overtook him.

"Wish me luck, old schoolmate; you wouldn't go in for the heiress, so I mean to appropriate her myself. If report says true, she's worth five thousand a year—that'll make me independent of the governor."

"Would you marry a woman for her money?" asked Fritz shaking off the hand familiarly placed on his shoulder.

"I shouldn't care to marry her without it. In fact, I lost so heavily at Doncaster, that I must recoup myself somehow. The governor gets awfully stingy."

"Do you think Miss Emma Haydon will accept you?"

"Why not? I shouldn't ask her if I weren't pretty sure of it."

Fritz said no more. It was a matter of indifference to him whom Dolph wedded, but he was thinking of Gertrude. How would she endure to dwell under the roof of one for whom she never concealed her scorn and dislike? Yet, as the dependant of her wealthier cousin, how could she help herself, unless she went out into the world and earned her daily bread amongst strangers?

He put these questions to her that same evening as he walked across the park beside her in the twilight.

"Knowing how poor I am, and how many years may elapse before I can make my mark as a poet, I should have dared to say to you, Gertrude, I love you, had you been more happily situated. But to let you go away without telling you that I shall strive by every endeavor to win fame and money, so as to make a home for you, was impossible."

"And you love me for myself, plain, grave, uninteresting though I am?"

"In my eyes you are all that a sweet, good woman should be; and do not my father and Lilla love you too? Ah! Gertrude, I may not bind you by any engagement, but if you will wait till brighter days dawn, how thankful, how happy you will make me!"

By this time Gertrude Haydon was weeping, but they were not sorrowful tears. Hers had been a very isolated life, for she was left an orphan at an early age, and the elderly kinswoman to whom she had been a dutiful daughter was one whom suffering had soured and rendered sadly irritable.

The only relative Gertrude had remaining was the frivolous Emma, with whom she had not a thought or taste in common, and thus she had thankfully received the advances of Lilla, and was already learning to look upon the small, simply-furnished cottage of the Esdailes' as a haven, where there was more rest and happiness to be found than anywhere else.

"I am of age, and can act for myself," she told Fritz, as they were parting, "but Sir Thomas Laughton is one of the trustees of my cousin's property, and will expect to be apprised of your—your proposals."

"Do whatever you think right, my dearest, but you must be prepared to hear him say that long engagements, especially in our circumstances are very foolish things."

"That depends," laughed Gertrude. She had as ringing and sweet a laugh as Emma, though it was not heard as frequently. "But do not run away with the notion that my gay cousin will ever bestow her hand on Mr. Adolphus Rollins. She is already engaged to a middle-aged man who does not love her any the less for the fact that she is penniless."

"But Dolph believes her to be a great [illegible]."

"So have many, who, seeing her so lovely and so well dressed, come to the conclusion directly that she is the rich Miss Haydon. But do not look so oddly at me, dear Fritz, or fancy that I have been wilfully deceiving you."

"There is something that requires explaining," he answered gravely.

But she replied, with a confiding smile.

"Nothing that need trouble you or me, for if Emma is not a great heiress neither am I. The larger portion of our kinswoman's wealth went to found a hospital in her native town; for Emma's children, if she has any, a certain sum is invested; and in consideration of my services I have the five hundred per annum which Mr. Rollin's informant appears to have magnified into thousands."

"Five hundred! and I am not even earning one."

"But you will do that and more by your pen," she said, confidently. "Sir Tno has is endeavoring to procure you the post of private secretary to a member of the Government; you will remove to the city. We shall take your father to the sea-side, where he will regain his strength, and Lilla will go with us. Ah, Fritz, these are not castles in the air, for thank Heaven we can build them on a firmer base, and the woman you have so generously loved herself will be able to requite you for it."

Dolph was furious when pretty Emma laughed at his wooing and told him plainly that he had made a mistake.

This mistake he might have attempted to rectify, for as he confided to his friends, a girl who neither dressed much or cared for gadding about might be worth having. Though she had only five hundred a year, But as Sir Thomas did secure the secretaryship for Fritz, and his marriage followed immediately, Gertrude as well as her husband escaped any more of Mr. Rollin's "Friendly Attentions."

MODERN CRAZES.

The late Professor Agassiz and the late Daniel Douglas Home, the spiritualist, were once travelling together in a railway carriage. Home, in the course of conversation complained of the prejudices of men of science.

"Mr. Home," said the great geologist, "I never refuse to investigate anything which promises to lend to the advancement of Science, and nothing will give me greater pleasure than to invest gate the marvels which, as you say, occur at your meetings."

"Well," returned Home, "come this evening, and witness the materialisation of a spirit hand."

"I shall be delighted," said Agassiz, "to be at the table when the spirit hand appears. My private opinion is that it is a living human hand with a little phosphorus rubbed upon it, but, of course, I may be wrong, and I am quite open to conviction. All I ask is that I shall be allowed to put my knife through it. If the hand be a spirit hand, no great harm will be done: if it be a human hand—well, we shall see."

Home declined the test. Such a lack of faith, so he assured Agassiz, would prevent the spirit hand from appearing.

And what is Theosophy? It is a name for the tenets of the Theosophical Society, a society which was founded in New York in 1875. The creed of the promoters of the society is that modern science—and, indeed ordinary science of any kind—is a delusion and a mockery; the only absolute and genuine science being that which Theosophy has become possessed of.

In Asia, certain Buddhist ascetics are called Mahatmas. Buddhists suppose that these ascetics, by continually fasting and mortifying their bodies, become a good deal more clear-headed than ordinary folk, and see matters which ordinary folk cannot see.

The Theosophical theory is that for ages a colony of these Mahatmas has existed in the Himalayas, and that the accumulated wisdom of all these generations of abstemious old gentlemen has been inherited by the present old gentlemen who lived up in the hills.

The theory, you will note, is particularly pretty. Unfortunately it has never been satisfactorily proved that these Himalayan Mahatmas exist. It has not, therefore, of course, been proved that they are especially wise.

But that is neither here nor there. No craze could make way if such frivolous objections were allowed to block its progress to any extent.

These shadowy, and perhaps non-existent, Mahatmas are declared, some years ago, for reasons best know to themselves, to have imparted little bits of their stored-up wisdom to an American gentleman and a Russian lady, who at once founded the Theosophical Society, through which they are now prepared to enlighten the world as to its past and its future; the way and wherefore of every natural phenomenon; the mystery of human life and intellectual development, and much else.

There are tens of thousands of people, including several of the best known in literature art, and even science, who, to some extent, believe in Theosophy.

The greatest living French astronomer, for example, accepts its principles; just as one of our greatest chemists years ago accepted the principles of spiritualism.

The craving for knowledge, real or imaginary, has overcome these people, and seems to have temporarily blinded them to the fact that we are living in the world and not in dreamland.

Another striking modern craze is that the earth is not round, but flat like a Gruyere cheese.

This doctrine, which for ages was generally accepted, and which, in fact, was then the only one on the subject, was knocked on the head several centuries ago, and most people thought that it was for ever dead; but a few years since it was revived by an energetic and enthusiastic pamphleteer, and so well did he ride his hobby that he has now a very considerable following.

Men are like sheep that blindly follow a noisy bell-wether. If you go out into the street on any fine day this summer, lean against a lamp post, gaze into the sky, and audibly proclaim that you see stars at noon, you will find people who will also profess to be able to see them.

It isn't that people like to be taken in or are deliberately mendacious. It is often merely that they are conscious that in certain matters they are peculiarly incompetent to form a judgment.

In those matters, therefore, they will accept another's evidence even against the evidence of their own reason.

Modern religious crazes are numerous; so are political ones; but it is not our business to deal with them.

There is, however, one notable semi religious and semi-historical craze: the so-called Identification of the British Nation with the Lost Tribes of Israel. The alleged identification is almost entirely found upon pure speculation and on traditions of absolutely unknown origin; and there is nothing in it that is capable of convincing any impartial inquirer.

As a speculation, the theory is pleasant enough for those who are inclined to it; but no one should be asked to accept a mere speculation as a fact. This theory, however, is at worst but a harmless craze. Very different are the majority of modern crazes.

These are distinctly injurious seeing that they lead to waste of time and money, and cannot possibly produce the results which it is sought to attain.

But all of them have large followings. For that matter, however, so have still more absurd and pernicious movements. Two or three years ago a set of swindlers were arrested in the United States. They had formed a company, and they professed to sell for a hundred dollars a secret which would ensure to its possessor a life of not less than ninety years.

When the company's offices were overhauled, it was discovered that more than two thousand gullible people had paid down a hundred dollars apiece within the short period of five weeks.

NO WINDING.—A gentleman in New York has a curious watch which he has never wound for eight or nine years since he has had it, for two reasons: First, it does not wind with a key, nor is it a stem-winder, nor is there any other mechanical means to wind it. It winds itself simply by one motion of the body while walking, or natural motion of the body during the day. No manufacturer's name can be found on the works or in the case; the only letters are on the works: "Perpetual Manometer."

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Says a New York paper, "A well-known physician of this city, finding himself rather 'out of sorts,' determined to consult some of his medical brethern on the subject, for a few physicians like to trust themselves. He accordingly called upon five eminent members of the faculty in succession, and it is a positive fact that each one of them gave a different opinion as to the nature of his disorder, and recommended a different mode of treatment. It is his own belief that they are all wrong."

Now a London paper has discovered that one of the prime causes for the increase in the number of bachelors is to be found in the fact that every effort is made by modern usages to make an unmarried life easy and full of content for men. Bachelor apartments are now arranged for them in which they can enjoy all the liberty of the unwedded state and all the comfort for which it is presumed a goodly percentage of men marry. This is no doubt true, but think how terrible. This is of course one potent reason why marriage is a failure!

It has always been customary for women to wear bridal dresses that have been worn in the past by some beloved ancestor or relative. There was popularly supposed to be some luck in it, but what luck there can be in wearing mourning that has been hallowed by some one else's grief it is hard to say. The foreign correspondents have been cabling all over the country that the Princess Stephanie, widow of the self-murdered Crown Prince of Austria, wore the train to the dress in which Maria Theresa went to the royal tomb with her husband. One fails to see any appropriateness in it, and cannot help seeing a too self-conscious posing for effect.

The extravagance in which fashionable society is indulging in New York, may, by an inverse process, result for the good of American society; very few people can vie with the entertainments given within millionaire circles. These enormous spreads and dances are not society. A few such in each season may be enjoyable enough for those who love excitement and care to dance, but the world is no better for such dissipation. If people would but have the pride to entertain within their means, inviting only such as would be congenial, conversation would once more become an art. At present one can talk in society with ease, out of a Ready Conversor.

A number of Rooks county, Kansas, citizens have petitioned their State legislators to make an appropriation for the purpose of experimenting in the matter of securing artificial rainfall by means of cannonading. Their petitions reads as follows: "We, your petioners, many of us veterans of the late war, knowing from experience that heavy rainfalls follow each battle or heavy cannonading, and believing that this fact demonstrates that man may produce rainfall by artificial perturbation of the atmosphere when otherwise it would not be experienced, and believing it would be wise for the state of Kansas to make a reasonable experiment in the matter of attempting to produce artificial rainfall, would most respectfully ask you to make an appropriation out of the Treasury for the purpose of such experiments either by cannonading or otherwise as may be deemed best."

Here is a romance told in Boston: Twenty-five years ago a young girl who had lived the first 12 years of her life in a New Hampshire farming community, moved to Leicester, Me. She was barely able to read and write, and went to work in a mill. She became a handsome young woman and married a resident of Auburn, Me. They quarreled, and she finally obtained a divorce. She soon went to New York, and obtained an employment with a millinery firm. She was handsome, and had acquired a certain refinement by contact with the world. She made the acquaintance of a wealthy old gentleman who fell in love with her. He proposed marriage on the condition that the lady should establish the validity of her divorce. She went to Maine and secured the necessary proofs of her legal release from her first husband. She said her husband-to-be had furnished every means for making herself a lady of every refinement.

Strange stories in connection with hypnotism are frequently heard in the present day, one of the latest coming from the town of Nantes, in France. A few evenings ago, a certain expounder of hypnotic mysteries gave a *seance* at the the Theatre at Nantes, and during it he operated on a gentleman well know by all the townspeople. Whilst the subject was in a trance or sleep he suggested to him that on the morrow, at three o'clock in the afternoon he should leave his office, proceed to a certain house in a certain street, and there steal a watch, which he would find in a bedroom. The next day the gentleman, when the hour of three struck, became restless, and after a species of inward struggle, he was noticed to take up his hat and start off at a rapid pace for the street named. Arriving there he entered the house, went, in a half unconscious condition, into the bedroom, and took the watch, as suggested to him, several thousand persons witnessing the theft, and accompanying the thief to his home, where the hypnotiser, who was waiting for him, had the watch handed to him.

Our Young Folks.

ROGER AND THE GOOSE.

BY MAGGIE BROWNE

IN SPITE of the snow and his wet feet, in spite of the weight of the basket, in spite of the fact that he was nearly frozen as well with the cold, and in spite of many disagreeable and unpleasant things, Roger Falconer was just about the happiest small boy in the world.

As he trudged along with his basket on his arm he whistled merrily. What did he care for wet or snow? What did he care? Why, nothing at all; he had forgotten all about them.

His thoughts were busily occupied with something else—something that was in his pocket, something that was not very big, but very bright, round and flat—something that had the portrait of a lady on one side of it—a new half-dollar in fact.

From time to time as he marched along he turned the coin in his pocket, and then gently patted the goose which was lying in his basket.

Roger had very pleasant thoughts in connection with that goose, for it was through it he was the happy possessor of a half-dollar.

It happened in this way.

Roger was spending the day before Christmas away in running errands for his uncle, who was a poulterer.

Early that afternoon a gentleman, followed by a little dog, had come into the store, and having bought the finest, fattest goose in the place, had asked for it to be sent to his house immediately.

In paying for it there was a half a dollar change and the gentleman had kindly given it as a Christmas box to the boy who was to carry the basket.

That fortunate boy was Roger.

Roger set out merrily on his journey. He made up his mind that he would go quickly to the gentleman's house, and then on the way back spend his money.

It was all very well to make good resolutions, but by no means is it an easy to keep them.

For some time he tramped steadily on; but when he came to the store where he intended to spend his money he could not resist the temptation of putting down his basket and looking in at the window.

Then in two seconds the goose and the basket were quite forgotten, and his thoughts were far away.

He had a vague idea once that some boys were shouting, but he paid no attention and only pressed his face closer to the shop window.

Suddenly he felt something strike him in the middle of the back. He turned sharply around, just in time to receive something in the face.

It was a snowball.

Roger had a very hasty temper, and quickly picking up a handful of snow he looked around to find out who had attacked him and to return the blow.

A short distance from him two boys were standing laughing.

Roger asked no questions, but threw the snowball swiftly at one of them.

"Who are you throwing at?" shouted the boy.

"You," answered Roger; "what do you mean by throwing at me when I was not looking?"

"Not looking; indeed!" retorted the boy, "you should have been looking. I did it for your good. You seemed to have gone to sleep."

Roger felt very indignant. What business had this boy, this stranger, to interfere with him?

Without waiting to talk anymore, he set to work to make himself a pile of snowballs. The other boys did the same, and presently they all three of them were hard at work throwing snow at one another.

Roger was very quickly covered with snow, and wetter than ever.

He was getting very much the worst of it, too, for it was a case of two to one.

All three boys worked hard until they were obliged to stop for want of breath.

By that time Roger's indignation had quite subdued, and as he had grown very tired he thought he decided to go and make friends with his late opponents.

He walked towards them, then all at once stopped.

Quite unconsciously he had put his hand in his pocket and touched his half-dollar, and directly he felt that, he remembered his errand.

Quickly turning back, he ran to his basket, looking into it, and then stood aghast.

The other parcels were there, but the goose was gone!

Roger could not believe his eyes, and unpacked his basket. But it was too true, the goose, the fine fat goose, had disappeared!

He gave a sharp cry of surprise and horror; at once one boy, thinking he had been hurt in the fight, came running up to see what was the matter.

"It's gone," said Roger. "What shall I do?"

"What is it that's gone?" asked the boy.

"The goose," stammered Roger, "the goose I was taking to the gentleman's house."

"Then I expect the dog went off with it after all," said the boy.

"The dog went off with it! What dog? where did he go? tell me quickly," said Roger excitedly.

"The dog I called to you about," said the boy. "When you were staring in at the shop window just now I saw a dog walk up to your basket and take a hold of something. I shouted out to you, but you took no notice, so I threw a snowball at the dog. Unfortunately, it missed him, and then I threw one at you to attract your attention. And then, in the excitement of the battle, I forgot all about the dog; but you may be sure he walked off with the goose."

"Whatever shall I do?" said Roger. "Do help me."

The boy, whose name was Archie Yeld was by this time very much interested in Roger's troubles, and promised to do all he could.

The only question was, What was to be done?

Although both boys hunted for some time they could find no trace of the dog's footsteps or the dog, and at last had to give up the search.

After some discussion they decided that they should both go to the big house, and try and see the gentleman.

A little later, trembling and crying, the two boys were sitting in the hall of the big house, waiting to see Mr. Hastings, who was, the maid said, at dinner.

The boys were now more unhappy than ever. Roger got so frightened at last that he tried to persuade Archie not to wait any longer, but to slip out the front door and run home.

Archie was about to agree, when the sitting room door opened, and out came Mr. Hastings, followed by a small dog.

Both boys rose as he came towards them, and Roger turned very pale.

Archie, however, got most excited, at the sight of the dog, and began poking and nudging Roger, but Roger was too much frightened to take notice of anything, and the dog only looked at the boys and ran straight downstairs.

"Well, boys, what is it?" asked Mr. Hastings.

"Please, sir, I'm very sorry," said Roger, with a tear in his eye and a sob in his voice, "but I've lost your goose. Here's the half-dollar."

Mr. Hastings did not seem to understand and Archie did not make matters much clearer by saying excitedly—

"Yes, sir, but a dog took it, for I saw him."

"What have you done?" asked the gentleman, "What dog?"

"Please, sir," said Roger sorrowfully, "you know the goose you bought this afternoon?"

"Yes, that's all right enough."

"No, it isn't right," said Roger, "I've lost it."

"But the cook said," began Mr. Hastings, then he stopped, and, turning to the servant behind him, said, "Go and tell the cook I want to speak to her."

Then, directly the cook appeared, Mr. Hastings asked her if the goose he had bought in the afternoon had been sent home."

"Yes, sir, it came about half-an-hour ago," was the answer.

"What!" shouted both the boys.

"Boys, be quiet," said Mr. Hastings pleasantly. "Who brought it?" he asked the cook.

"Well, sir, I thought you did. I found it lying at the top of the stairs, and, to tell you the truth, I thought it was rather knocked about."

"Isn't it very queer?" demanded Roger eagerly.

"Would you mind fetching it?" said Mr. Hastings, "and let us look if it actually is the one I bought?"

"Certainly," said the cook. "I left it in the kitchen."

She turned to go, but suddenly stopped, for a mysterious noise was heard as if something were tumbling downstairs.

It proved to be something tumbling up, for presently the dog appeared with the goose in his mouth.

As soon as he found he was being watched he tried to get away and hide, but he was too late—this time he was found out.

After all, Archie was right, for in very truth, the dog was at the bottom of it all. He had been with his master when the goose was purchased, and when, on leaving the shop, Mr. Hastings had told him to go home, he had followed Roger all the way. Then, when the basket had been put down, he had helped himself to the goose, and carried it home.

Evidently he thought that his master had intended him to take charge of it.

The boys had a good laugh; and then, to Roger's delight, Mr. Hastings said that though he had not earned it, he might keep the half-dollar for all his trouble.

SOME SIGNS OF LONG LIFE.—Amongst the philosophical works of Francis Bacon is a curious chapter on the "History of Life and Death."

In this chapter he describes the list of people likely to live long as well as those unlikely to do so.

"Fair in face," he says, "for skin or hair, are shorter lived; black, or red, or freckled, longer."

Too fresh a color in youth is less promising than paleness.

Hair like bristles, hard curled hairs, hasty gray hairs without baldness, tallness of stature with an active body, short waist with long legs, and "leanness where the affections are settled, calm, and peaceably," are all signs of long lives.

It is a sign of life "to be long and slow in growing." "Firm flesh, a raw-boned flesh, betoken life."

"A head somewhat lesser than to the proportion of the body: a moderate neck, not long, nor slender, nor fat, nor too short; wide nostrils, whatever the form of the nose may be; a large mouth; an ear gristly, not fleshy; teeth strong and contiguous, small or thin set, foretoken long life."

The best way, however, to live long is by a well-ordered diet, he says, telling a story of a man a hundred years old who was witness in a law suit, and of whom the Judge asked how he came to live so long. The old man answered:

"By eating before I was hungry, and drinking before I was dry."

In the same chapter Bacon gives instances (improbable instances, we are inclined to think) of long lives:

Johannes de Temporibus lived above three hundred year; "he was by nation a Frenchman, and followed the wars under Charles the Great."

Petrarch's great-grandfather "arrived at the age of an hundred and four years."

The most memorable case, he says; is the Venetian Cornarus, "who being in youth of a sickly body, began first to eat and drink by measure of a certain weight." The consequence of this regularity in diet was that Cornarus lived "a hundred years and better."

He tells also of a May-game or morris-dance that was held in the county of Hereford in his time, and in which eight men engaged "whose ages computed together made up eight hundred years."

No doubt all these stories and others more marvellous were current in Bacon's time. It is enough to remember, however, in judging of their truth, that poor people in those days used to loose all reckoning of their ages. Their birthdays were not registered as now, and they were not sufficiently educated to keep an accurate record themselves.

ABOUT A HAT.

JOCK and Jean Kay's home was a hut on a high cliff which rose sheer up from the small bay of Kirn.

They were both strong bairns, though but eight and ten years old, could help their dad with the nets and boats with which he went to fish as well as if they were much [illegible]

One day, when John Kay tried to rise and go and get out his boat, he found he was so stiff he could not move.

"Jock," he said to his young son, "you must go to Kirn, and see if you can earn a few pennies for us to-day, as there is no bread in the house."

"All right dad," said Jock;" Jean had best come with me and see if there'll be some folk who want to know the way to the cave to-day, and then we can row them there in the boat."

The boys at Kirn on fine days could gain a few pennies in that way, as there was a large cave on the sea-shore in which there had once been found heaps of bones of wolves, or bears, or such like wild beasts, but where these bones came from, and how long they had lain there, no one could tell, and this cave, of course, was the chief sight of the small town.

Jock and Jean's great friend was their dog Skye, a large black dog, with such big kind brown eyes.

Jock and Jean took him with them most days for a walk; and fine games they had. But to-day Jock shook his head when Skye with a loud bark, ran to the door.

"No, Skye; you must stay and take care of dad," said Jock, and shut the door, and they both ran off.

Down the path to the bay they ran, and soon stood with two more boys by the rough pier which ran out from the beach into the bay.

"We shall have no one here to-day," said one lad to Jock, but the words were scarce out of his mouth when they saw an old man go on the pier.

Off ran the three boys, and were soon by his side, and Jean was left very far behind them.

"Want to see the cave, sir?" said Jock, who was the first to get his breath.

"No; go off, boys," said he in a gruff voice, and he put up his hand to catch hold of his hat to try and save it from a gust of wind; but he was too late—it was blown off his head.

"Dear me! gone this time," were the next words, and gone it was. Down o'er the side of the pier the wind swept the hat close past Jean, who stood to see if Jock would get this old man to come and see the cave or not.

The old man's face grew long as he saw his hat would soon be lost to him.

A rude laugh burst from the boys, nor could even Jean keep back a smile when she saw the old man's face.

But she was a girl with a kind heart, and she ran and took the old man a stick from his hand, and ere he could ask her why she did this she was right down on the rocks by the side of the pier.

The tide had set in, and the hat was still in her reach, and Jean found she could just reach it with the crook of the stick.

It was so close to her now that she bent down to pick it up out of the waves, when her boots slid on the green sea-weed on the rock, and she fell in the sea with a sounding splash.

It was a good thing for Jean that she had learnt to swim, as soon as she found she was in the sea she struck out for the land; still she thought, "Oh, how I wish Skye was here to help me!"

While this took place the old man and the boys ran to the pier to see if they could make out where Jean was.

They saw her rise on one wave and sink in the next, and then they saw naught but the sea, with the foam crests of the waves.

"Let's get a boat," suggested one of the boys.

"There is no time for that," said Jock, who took off his coat to jump in and save poor Jean, but just then a dog's bark was heard, and with a bound and a rush, which sent Jock flat on his back on the pier, Skye sprang past him, and was soon in the sea and close to Jean, and she, with her hand in the curls of Skye's back, felt now she was safe, and with his help and strength to aid her, soon swam back to the beach, where the boys with a loud cheer, were glad to pull her safe out of the reach of the cruel waves.

As soon as Jean had breath to speak she held out the hat—which she had kept all the time safe in her hand—to the old man.

"My child," said he in a kind though gruff voice, "it wasn't worth the risk you ran. If you had lost your life for the sake of an old hat, what should I have felt?"

Then Jock took Jean on his back, and Skye ran by their side, and they all made their way to the hut on the cliff.

When they got there Jean, so that she should not catch a cold, went at once to change her wet clothes, and Mr. Law, which was the old man's name, told John Kay the tale of what his girl Jean had done for him.

Kay was glad to hear of the girl's kind deed; and Mr. Law did not fail to tell him how it was Jean who was not so rude as to laugh when his hat blew off, and of this, too, he was glad.

Then John Kay told him how Skye would not rest when Jock and Jean were gone, and came to him such lots of times with a whine, as if to say, "Please let me go," till at last, for the sake of peace, he let him out.

Mr. Law, who was kind and good in spite of his rough voice and gruff ways, put a piece of gold in John Kay's hand when he left his hut, and he did not lose sight of Jock.

He was a rich man, with ships which came and went to and fro from all parts of the world, and in a few year's time, when Jock had grown to be a tall strong lad he found him a birth on board of one of his many ships.

To John Kay and Jean he gave as a house a small lodge at one of the gates of his grounds, and they don't know what it is to want for food or fire; for as well as a home he gave Kay work to do. And he sent Jean to a good school where she was well taught.

Mr. Law's old hat hangs up in their hall, and when they look at it they feel glad of the day it fell into the sea.

A REVENGEFUL SNAKE.—Those who are familiar with the habits of snakes say that when a person kills a snake he must look out for its mate.

The following tragic incident of a cobra's vengence is related of an employe of the Madras Railway Company—

One day, while seated on the verandah of his bungalow, he observed two large cobras on the barren plain immediately in front of the houses. Arming himself with a stout stick he proceeded to spot, and encountered the snakes.

He succeeded in killing one of them, while the other, which had been slightly wounded, managed to escape. Mr. Fischer hunted about for the runaway, but could not find it.

He then returned to his bungalow, and rested for some time, as he was off duty. Later in the day he prepared to go to his work, and with that object got out his clothes to dress. He sat on his cot, and was about to put on his shirt, when he felt something bite him on the back.

He turned round, and to his horror, found a snake on the cot behind him, which he is said to have recognized as the cobra he had wounded that morning. He immediately sought relief, and all kinds of remedies were applied, but to no effect, and he died in the evening.

It is commonly believed among the Hindoos that no animal is more revengeful than the cobra, and that if an attempt is made to kill it and it is fortunate enough to escape, it will never give itself any rest until it has wreaked its vengence upon its assailant.

SHARP EARS.—The Austrian War Office has had a scare. It has recently discovered that the telephone is so acute of hearing that it can, even from a distance, extract all the silent secrets of a telegraph wire.

It is only necessary to set up a telegraph wire of moderate length parallel with the wire along which the messages are being sent, and to insert in it a telephone. By the aid of this the Morse signs may be read off by the ear.

Realising that this might prove to be very awkward in war time, the ingenious Austrians set about devising a remedy; and, after making sundry experiments they have found that the difficulty may be got over by sending telegrams from opposite directions along the same wire at the same time.

When this is done, the listener at the telephone hears only a medley of confused and meaningless sounds.

In the course of the experiments it was proved that, in favorable circumstances, it was possible to "tap" a telegraph wire by means of a telephone at a distance of over half a mile.

Only a hundred yards of parallel wire are necessary, and that quantity may, of course, be easily carried by a single trooper.

SARAH BERNHARDT has one great claim to celebrity aside from her fame as an actress. Women owe to her the introduction of the thirty-two button gloves, of empire dresses, directoire sashes, and of the revival of the long boa, dear to the hearts of our grandmothers. She has set the fashion for Theodora hairpins and Tosca hats, and has, in fact, wielded an influence over the world of dress beyond that exercised by any other woman in the world since the days of Empress Eugenie.

LIFE'S BARRIERS.

When life is not so bright and fair
As life sometimes can be,
Take heart, oh, friend! and don't despair,
For still there's hope for thee.

The fates to-morrow may be kind,
Although to-day they frown;
So if you falter, change your mind,
And beat the barrier down!

You need but one more effort shirk
To miss the victor's crown;
But if you wish to wear it—work,
And beat the barrier down!

To stand aside and say "no use"
Is not the way to win;
For that is but a vain excuse
To let the failure in.

Resolve to stand and not to fall,
To swim and not to drown;
Success is master over all
To beat the barrier down!

The fight that calls for little pluck
Is nothing when it's won.
And those who wait for "better luck",
May wait till life is done.

'Tis in the fray that you will find
The men who win renown;
So if you falter, change your mind,
And beat the barrier down!

"THE YOUNG IDEA."

It is surprising what a large amount of amusement and fun may be derived from things which, at first sight, appear to be anything but promising, if only they be regarded from the right point of view, and provided that the observer have some sense of humor.

A school examination room, for instance, does not, to a casual observer, seem to be a very likely place in which to find entertainment, even of the mildest description.

It is true that the sayings of children—actual or attributed—have always been a never-failing source of amusement; but, however brilliant or facetious may be the remarks of Tommy when at table, or when perchance he overhears the confidential chat which his elder sister is carrying on with her lover, or in the thousand and one circumstances in which "Tommies" always will be found, he is not apt to shine when in the awe-inspiring presence of the examiner.

Nevertheless, the answers given by pupils in elementary schools are sometimes excruciatingly funny, as is proved by those printed in the readable little book, called "The Young Idea," which a native writer has recently compiled from actual examination papers.

Among the definition of words—which have always been a great stumblingblock to many—the following are given:—

"Repugnant, one who repugs."

"Obelisk, one of the marks of punctuation."

"Ironical, something very hard."

"Epoch, a ruler, or son of a king."

"Monastery, a place for monsters."

"The ebbulition is when the tide goes way out to see."

And, as if these were not enough:—

"Savage, when a man rides wild horses."

"Frantic is something up in the garret."

"A sonambulist is a man that talks when you dont know whore he is."

"A pully is a sort of chicken."

"Ventilation is letting in contaminated air."

"Mastification is moving the jaws all round."

"Alkalie is acids mixed up."

"Gladiators grow in my mas garden."

"An incendiary is when you go round preaching and singing hims."

"David charmed Saul with a harpoon."

"A problem is something you cant ever find out."

How the soul of Lord Byron would have rejoiced in this definition:

"A critic is something to put your feet on to."

The following arithmetical facts are somewhat startling:

"If there are no units in a number you have to fill it up with all zeros."

"Units of any order are expressed by writing in the place of the order."

"A factor is sometimes a faction," and sometimes it makes an equal amount of trouble.

"If fractions have a common denominator, find the difference in the denominator."

"Interest on interest is confound interest."

Grammar, as may be expected, presents many pitfalls to the young scholar:

"A pronoun is when you don't want to say a noun and so you say a pronoun. It is when it is not a pronoun but a noun."

"The accidents of a noun is what happens to it."

"Pronouns agree with gender number and numbers in the passive voice."

"Adjectives of more than one syllable are repaired by adding some more syllables."

"An adverb is used to mortify a noun and is a person place or Thing."

"Sometimes an adverb is turned into a noun and then becomes a noun or pronoun."

"Nouns denoting male and female and things without sex is neuter."

"The cow jumped over the fence is a transive nuter verb because fence isent the name of any thing and has no sex."

"He speaks lowly lowly is a ajectiv of how he speaks and is deprived from low and compard low lowing lowerest."

Geographical facts, too, seem to very much bewilder young heads:

"A arkipelago is made up off a great lot of little islands all round in the ocean."

"An archpelago is something that casts up fire and water Vesuvius."

There are some countries also which the youthful mind cannot comprehend.

"Part of Australia is vague," asserts one without danger of contradiction.

"Australeya ust to be used by the English to keep men on that was not bad enough to be killed. Some farms would raise as much as five hundred thousand. The English long ago ust to send their prisoners there when they did anything not worth hanging."

"Ambition is the very element of history according how it be used."

"History is a most interesting study when you know something about it."

"William Shakspear was a good writer. He was born on Stamford, and nobody knows anything about him."

"Shakespears friends wrote on his grave that hed be cursed if he moved his bones."

"The Merchant of Venice only had a pound of flesh."

"Shylock had no mercy on anybody who failed in business"

"Portia was a judge dressed up in a womans clothes and old Shylock called her Daniel."

"Portias recitation about mercy is considered one of Shakspere's best prose compositions."

Composition gives perhaps the greatest scope to the "young idea;" witness the following:

"On Nails.—Nails are made of iron nails are of four kinds. Nails that you hammer with finger nails toe nails door nails and tacks."

"On Parents.—Parents are of two kinds male and female. What should we do without parents?"

Grains of Gold.

Civility costs nothing and buys everything.

Amid the roses fierce Repentance rears her snaky crest.

As you learn, teach; as you get, give; as you receive, distribute.

Worth begets in base minds envy; in great souls, emulation.

The true way of softening one's troubles is to solace those of others.

How to get on.—If we see rightly and mean rightly, we shall get on.

Malice sucks up the greatest part of her own venom, and poisons herself.

We must labor unceasingly to render our piety reasonable, and our reason pious.

In all the affairs of this world, so much, reputation is in reality so much power.

Each year one vicious habit rooted out, in time might make the worst man good.

The manner of giving shows the character of the giver more than the gift itself.

The secret of life is not to do what one likes, but to try to like what one has to do.

Many young persons believe themselves natural when they are only impolite and coarse.

Unless a tree has borne blossoms in spring, you will vainly look for fruit on it in autumn.

Some persons spend so much time in making promises, that they have no time left to fulfil them.

Of all virtues, magnanimity is the rarest. There are a hundred persons of merit for one who willingly acknowledges it in another.

Femininities.

The number of female doctors in the United States is about 3,000.

It is wiser to prevent a quarrel beforehand than to revenge it afterwards.

A Boston woman explains why she goes to the debating clubs so much. Her husband never contradicts her.

Life is to be fortified by many friendships. To love and to be loved is the greatest happiness of existence.

At a ball in Paris recently a lady wore shoes each of which had a watch inserted in the leather near the toe.

There are over 20,000 young women in Great Britain studying music with the idea of some day blossoming into stars.

And now they tell of a fashionable boarding-school where young women are taught to enter and get out of a carriage.

A Texas lady produced 6,000 pounds of honey last year with 40 colonies of bees, attending to them and doing all the work herself.

A bank owned by a woman at Mason City, Iowa, closed its doors recently, and the Court appointed another woman as receiver.

A young woman at Ostend, Belgium, is said to take a sea bath every day in the year, remaining in the water about 15 minutes.

Miss Nellie Gould, daughter of the Croesus, will have about $20,000,000—enough to gratify all reasonable desires, one would think.

The era of sensations. Edward: "And will you be my bride, Dollie?" Dollie: "No, darling; but I'll elope with you for the fun of the thing."

Miss Preusser, an English philosophical worker among the servant class, wants a society formed for the training and reformation of mistresses.

A curious sight near Ellijay, Ga., is the grave of a mountaineer's wife, which is protected from the fury of the elements by a number of lightning rods.

The most original, though unsuccessful, would-be suicide on record is that of a young lady who knelt down, like a votary of Juggernaut, in front of an omnibus.

They are doing all they can to discourage women nowadays. There is some talk of a new postal card, so made that its contents cannot be read by the village postmistress.

Some of the working women of Boston have organized themselves into a society "for the protection of their rights and the improvement of their condition socially and mentally."

Miss Travis: "Don't you think my new dress is too sweet for anything?" Miss De Smith: "Oh, lovely, exquisite! I do believe your dressmaker could make a bean pole look graceful."

The woman who died of tight lacing was an old maid, homely and angular, and never had a beau, and yet she said she laced to please the men. All mankind should chip in for a monument to her.

Judge: "Miss, how old are you?" Witness: "Well, I'm thirty." "Thirty what?" "Well, between thirty and forty." "I'll put your age down at thirty-nine; I guess you won't lose anything by that."

Ex-Queen Isabella, of Spain, delights in music, is herself an accomplished harpist, and has a highly cultivated voice, which, strange to say, is well preserved, notwithstanding the Queen's age and the emotional life she has led.

They were standing before the book shelves whereon stood a set of Byron bound in full red morocco and the poems of Shelley bound in tree calf. "Which do you prefer, Miss Mulligataway, the works of Byron or Shelley?" "Oh, Byron, by all means. Red always was my favorite color."

Western postmaster who is assisted in his duties by his young bride: "Why, Mary, what are all those postal cards doing here? They should have gone in the last mail!" Bride, who was a Massachusetts schoolmistress: "Oh, I have just put them aside until I should have time to correct the spelling."

Top dressing. "It is all very fine," said a recently married man, who was reading an essay on the "Culture of Women," "just as a heavy milliner's bill was presented to him, "it is all very fine this cultivation of women, but such an item as this for bonnets is rather a heavy charge for top-dressing, in my judgment."

A husband's flattery. Wife, who wants a tailor-made suit, but who has only hinted at it: "Did you notice Mrs. De Pink's figure?" Husband, who smells a rat: "Yes, poor woman; she has no figure at all, and, like other women of that sort, has to depend on tailor-made suits. Now you, my love, are a Hebe in anything."

A New York girl, who is poor but a fine equestrienne, has discovered a novel and agreeable way of earning a livelihood by exercising the horses of her friends in Central Park. Each animal is taken out in turn, so that the young lady spends many hours in the saddle, and finds her employment more lucrative than anything else she has tried.

"Ma," said Bobby, in a slightly injured tone of voice, "there were lots of things you let me do before the baby came that you don't let me do now." "Do you think so, Bobby?" "Yes," asserted Bobby. "still," he went on with more philosophy, "I can't expect you to be so good a mother with two children as you were when you only had one."

A woman at Bath, Me., politely told a peddler who called that she did not want any of his wares. The man used rather harsh language and tried to get into the house. This was rather too much for the woman, who is a light-weight, but solid and full of grit. She seized him by the shoulder and sent him end over end, his hat flying one way and his pack another. Then she grabbed a stick and beat the peddler over the head, driving him out of the yard and up the street. He was glad to pick up his pack and run.

Masculinities.

"Oh, when does the honeymoon end, tell me, pray,
And the gall show itself on the honey?"
"The honeymoon ends, I believe, on the day
When the wife says she must have some money.

A rogue is a roundabout fool.

The flower of the family is often the latest to rise.

A man finds himself seven years older the day after his marriage.

He who gives quickly gives twice, or at any rate is generally asked to.

What a monotonous worldful of human beings we should be if we were all handsome.

A man convinced (by his wife) against his will is of the same opinion still—mighty still.

Never reserve your good manners for company, but be equally polite at home and abroad.

Always speak kindly and politely to everybody, if you would have them do the same to you.

Vanity is the foundation of the most ridiculous and contemptible vices—the vices of affectation and common lying.

When it is a man who is about to be told a secret he shuts the door. When it is a woman, she opens it to make sure there is no one listening outside.

Sir Anon—a great man in newspaperdom—remarks: "The foolish man selects a wife as he would an umbrella, paying a high price for a pretty head.

Sacramento, Cal., has passed an ordinance making it unlawful for any person under 17 years of age to smoke cigarettes within the city limits.

Of all the actions of a man's life, his marriage does least concern other people; yet, of all actions of our life, it is most meddled with by other people.

Every French bank has a photograph of every employe, and in the case of the more responsible ones they are under the surveillance of private detectives most of the time.

A woman, aged 95, in Steubenville, O., wants a separation from her husband, who is 40 years her junior. In her application to the court she declares he maltreats her.

Take our word for this, reader, and say a fool told it you, if you please, that he who hath not a dram of folly in his mixture hath pounds of much worse matter in his composition.

A Lewiston man has invented a device for stopping runaway horses. It blinds the animal by clapping something over his eyes. The mechanism works from the driver's seat.

The scientific theory that some men have two brains possesses elements of plausibility. It would seem to be Nature's method of squaring herself for not having given other men any.

"Of course you are fond of poetry, are you not, Miss Whipperly?" "My maid is, I believe; but let us talk about something serious; tell me all about the entries for the dog show."

If there is ever a time in life when a man gets thoroughly disappointed it is when he persuades somebody to get him up a dinner of the things he used to like best when he was a boy.

If the constitutional amendment prohibiting the manufacture and sale of liquor as a beverage is adopted, a great many men will have to drink it for mechanical and manufacturing purposes and the promotion of the useful arts.

"How did you get along at school today, Tom?" asked the old man at the supper-table. "Papa, our physiology says that conversation at meals should be of a pleasant character," replied Tommy. "Let's talk about the minstrels."

Pulsifer: "Young Watkins is very attentive to your daughter, isn't he, Hungerford?" Hungerford: "Yes, he calls three evenings a week." "Are they engaged?" "No, but they will be soon; my gas bills are getting smaller every month."

"Bobby," said Uncle James, who was a trifle penurious, "I have just got one little penny in my pocket, and you—you shall have it." "You had better keep it, uncle. A penny ain't much, but I've seen the time when it looked like a whole gold mine."

"Sir," said she, "do you expect me, a saleslady in Tapely, Jaxson's dry goods emporium, to marry a common clerk?" "I am not a common clerk," he answered; "I am a salesagent." She fell into his arms and murmured, "Dearest, I am thine!"

Afflictions sent by Providence melt the constancy of the noble-minded, but confirm the obduracy of the vile. The same furnace that hardens clay liquefies gold; and in the strong manifestations of divine power Pharaoh found his punishment, but David his pardon.

Bobley: "I've brought back that ring I took yesterday on approval." Jeweler: "What was the matter? Didn't it fit?" Bobley, sadly: "No. I thought—well, that is—well, you see, I bought it for a certain finger, but she wouldn't wear it on that, so I've come back with it."

To men addicted to delights, business is an interruption; to such as are cold to delights, business is an entertainment. For which reason it was said to one who commended a dull man for his application, "No thanks to him; if he had no business he would have nothing to do."

Young Mr. Noodle, who prides himself on his music: "So you would like to hear me sing before I go, would you, Bobby?" Bobby: "Yes; please be so kind." "Are you particular about what I sing?" "Yes; I would like to hear some of what my sister Kittie calls your alleged singing."

Two men were at lunch discussing the good things of this life. "Talking about drinks," said one, "there ain't nothing that lays over champagne." "I know it," the companion replied, with regret. "Whenever I drink it I have to go home in a hack, but when I drink beer a street car is good enough for me."

Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The Quiver for March is a readable number. It opens with a description of Christian work at Oxford. And then we come to a poem "Away to the Hills," by John H. Davies. "Granny's Jubilee" is a story to be continued in another number. The second is Prof. Blaikie's "New Book of Martyrs. An illustrated paper of character sketches is called "Down the Cowgate." "The Fisherman's Charge" is a pretty story, and from that we turn to "A Winter Pastoral." One of the most interesting papers of the number is an interview with Rev. Dr. John Hall, of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church New York. It is illustrated with a portrait of Dr. Hall, a view of his study and of his church. "Real and Amateur Gentleman" puts a good many truths in a telling manner. A member of the Society of Friends writes of John Bright, of whom there is a portrait. Besides these interesting contributors there are serials and short stories, poetry and music, and a fine bundle of "Short Arrows." Cassell & Co., New York.

THE SMOKING HABIT.

Nothing changes more than the outside laws and formulas of politeness.

Within the memory of any sexagenarian the whole code has been altered. Where fifty years ago, "to take wine" with you and bow across the table was as much an expected attention, an obligatory act of courtesy, as to salute you on entering the room, the man who should do it now save at a supremely intimate and half jocular gathering, would be as much "out of it" as if he were to lay his hand on his heart, bow as low as his knees and assure "Madam," his fair friend, that he was hers from his eyebrows to his finger tips.

Fifty years ago no gentleman could have smoked in the presence of ladies. The unmarried girl or young wife of a certain social status, met walking with a man puffing a cigar, would have gone home with a few shreds less of character than what she had set out with.

But who has a word to say now? Now we have the cigars and cigarettes brought in with coffee immediately after dinner; and no one is offended.

The men are not considered too free, the women do not hold themselves cavalierly treated when the dainty little appliances for lighting, ash, and cutting go the round of the table, and the fragrant "batons" are lovingly handled and regarded.

Often, indeed, one of these ladies will herself join the men; and if a few prim old souls think the exhibition shocking, the younger accept it as a matter of taste, and either decline or determine to try, according to their individual liking—with no moral afterthought whatever.

On this special question of smoking in the presence of ladies we offer no opinion. Those who like it and those who dislike it must settle the matter between them. It is one of those movable and temporary items which depend wholly on acceptance.

In Spain, the East, South America, ladies smoke with and like the men.

There are reasons for and reasons against the practice, but, as we said, these must be discounted, each woman for herself, and those who will may and those who do not wish are not obliged, but the one does not lose the finer part of her character and the other is not guilty of unjust prudery unless she confounds the practice with the person, and because she dislikes the former condemns the after.

QUAINT IF TRUE.—A Boston paper has this story from Duxbury, which it says is true and shows a tender remembrance of spouse No. 1. under new matrimonial conditions.

Sallie and Hiram were married after a brief courtship. He was 75 and she 76 years old. As he sort of apologetically said at the store, he was "tired of diggin' clams and shuckin' on 'em out, an' makin' a chowder, and then settin' down alone to eat." So he sold his house and moved over to Sallie's.

The first thing to be put in place was an old sunbonnet, which he hung in the entryway, saying to Sallie.

"I couldn't be contented no way if I didn't see Betsy Ann's bunnit hangin' up there, Sallie."

"Well," says she, "I shall go straight up garret for Josiah's old hat which I was decent enough to put away when I knew you were coming here."

And she did so; and Josiah's old hat and Betsy Ann's "bunnit" hang side by side at the present day, as tender a tribute, perhaps, as flowers placed on the earth above a resting place.

SMITH'S REVENGE.—Sardanapalus Ferguson, after a long bachelordom, at last married a rich old maid.

He did not invite any of his boon companions to the wedding feast, and some of them felt very much hurt about it. One of them named Theophilus Smith determined to get even with Sardanapalus. Meeting the bridal couple in the street, he greeted the pair very politely and passed on.

Next day, meeting Sardanapalus, he took him warmly by the hand and said—

"Glad to see you, Sardy. I met you yesterday taking your mother-in-law out for an airing, but I didn't stop to speak, for I didn't know how the old lady might like it."

TO THE young face Pozzoni's Complexion Powder gives fresher charms, to the old renewed youth. Try it.

THE ORANGE.

CONSIDERATE confusion has arisen as to the precise date of the introduction of oranges into Europe. On one hand many writers assert that it has been known from the time of the Romans; while others as confidently allege that its importation can only be traced back to a comparatively recent period.

These apparent contradictions have their origin in a lack of discrimination between the sweet and the bitter varieties of the fruit.

The latter, which is the original stock and from which the former is derived by cultivation is a native of India and China.

From India the Arabs obtained it in very early times—probably soon after the destruction of the Roman empire—and after spreading over Africa, it was introduced by the Moors into Spain, and thence made its way gradually over France and the neighboring countries.

The word *aurantium*, from which we get our word 'orange,' first appears in the low Latin and is itself a corruption of the Sanskrit *nagrmuga*.

The Arabian physician had a high opinion of its medicinal qualities, an opinion which was subsequently shared by their European colleagues; and in the middle ages the bitter orange occupied a high place in the pharmacopœia of all civilized practioners.

The sweet orange seems to have been brought from China in 1498, although again there is again considerable uncertainty on this point.

There can be little doubt that the sweet orange is an offshoot of this bitter variety, obtained by careful cultivation, and that it was originally the Chinese gardeners to whom we are indebted for it.

In fact, the connection between the two is of the closest description; and a number of experiments made by different observers distinctly show that unless certain exigencies of soil and climate be satisfied, the sweet orange is very liable to 'cast back' to its original rusticity.

That the orange-tree frequently attains a great age is certain; and it is a well ascertained fact that many of those which are known to be at least a hundred years old appear to be in their prime, and go on bearing long after that age.

It is even alleged that in the Azores there are trees which have produced fruit after their third century. We may take it, however, that as a general rule the orange is at its best up to a hundred years, and after that time begins gradually to decay.

The blood orange is a mere variety of the sweet orange obtained by cultivation, and appears first to have been raised by the Spanish gardeners in the Philippine Islands, from the capital of which (Manilla) it, together with the well-known cigars, formed at one time one of the chief articles of export.

It was for a long time supposed, and indeed the idea is not yet quite extinct, that blood-oranges were produced by the grafting of the orange with the pomegranate; but there is not the slightest foundation for this belief.

The average annual yield of each tree is from seven hundred to a thousand; but some old trees produce more.

To some people, the chief charm of the orange-tree lies in its beautiful and fragrant blossoms, and it seems strange that it is not more cultivated in hothouses on this account alone.

Nothing can be more delicious than the perfume of the orange flower, although it is possible, according to the opinion of some over-sensitive individuals to have too much of it.

There are, for instance, places in Spain where it certainly is rather over-powering: and at Seville, in the month of April, the whole air is laden for several weeks with the strong pungent odor.

To most of the visitors in that picturesque city this can only be a delightful experience; but there are others who allege that the intensity of the scent, or rather perhaps its persistency, night and day for so long, produces headache, and even nausea.

Of the ubiquitous blossoms themselves, little use is made in Spain. In some of the convents, the nuns employ a certain quantity in the manufacture of orange-flower water, which they dispose of at a ridiculously low and merely nominal price.

At Nice, however, and along the Riviera, precisely in that region which in the last century supplied gardeners with their orange trees, a considerable trade has sprung up in orange-blossoms.

They are despatched in boxes to all parts for the purpose of being fashioned into bridal wreaths, or the wreaths themselves are sent ready made up at prices varying from a few pennies to almost a small fortune.

The custom of wearing orange-blossoms at weddings is of comparatively recent date with us. It came to us, like most other female fashions in dress, from the French, who in their turn had derived it from Spain.

In the latter country it had long obtained, and is said to have been originally of Moorish origin.

A CHEEKY tramp visited Meriden, Conn., this week. He sneaked into a residence, occupied a bed all night, and in the morning walked down to the kitchen and demanded his breakfast. Being refused the meal he threw the servant downstairs into the cellar and then departed, carrying with him several articles of clothing.

DON'T RISK ANYTHING with a Stubborn Cough, when a safe remedy may be had in Dr. Jayne's Expectorant. Sore Lungs and Throats are speedily helped by it.

"WHAT MEDICINES ARE MOST CALLED FOR?"

asked the reporter of an old druggist.

"Dr. Pierce's preparations," he replied. "They are put up by a physician of great skill and experience and are perfectly reliable, and sold under a *positive guarantee*, that they are what they purport to be. They are not 'patent' medicines, but the well-tested, favorite prescriptions of an experienced and skillful physician. His 'Favorite Prescription,' for all those chronic weaknesses, nervous and other derangements peculiar to women, is used with unfailing success. It cures weak back, bearing-down sensations, irregularities and weaknesses common to the sex, and being the most perfect of tonic medicines builds up and strengthens the entire system. Besides, it is sold by us under the manufacturers' *guarantee* of satisfaction in every case, or the money paid for it is promptly refunded. The demand for it is constant, and I am conversant with scores of cases cured by it," concluded the dispenser, as he left the itemizer to wait upon a lady who called for the popular medicine.

Returning after a few moments, the venerable wielder of the pestle remarked, "the number of sarsaparillas and other, so-called, 'blood medicines' is legion; but Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery outsells them all and it is the only blood-purifier, out of the many which I am obliged to keep upon my shelves, that is *guaranteed* to benefit or cure in all cases of diseases for which it is recommended, or money paid for it is refunded."

"In the line of Pills" remarked the old gentleman, "the little Sugar-coated 'Pellets' put up by Dr. Pierce lead all others, both in amount of sales and the general satisfaction they give my customers." At this point the interview was cut short by the appearance of more customers for the wonderful medicines of Dr. Pierce.

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TO PLAY MUSIC
WITHOUT STUDY!

This Can Be Done by Means of the

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE to the PIANO or ORGAN.

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called," or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, a half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child if it can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as BOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY. Its cheapness and usefulness, moreover, would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. (Postage stamps, 5's, taken.) For Ten Cents extra a music book, containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,
726 SANSOM ST., PHILADELPHIA.

Humorous.

WHAT IS FLIRTATION.

What is flirtation? Really,
How can I tell you that?
But when she smiles I see its wiles,
And when he lifts his hat.

'Tis walking in the moonlight,
'Tis buttoning on a glove;
'Tis lips that speak of plays next week,
While eyes are talking love.

'Tis meeting in the ballroom,
'Tis twirling in the dance,
'Tis something laid beneath the lid,
More than a simple glance.

'Tis lingering in the hallway,
'Tis sitting on the stair,
'Tis bearded lips on further tips
If mamma isn't there.

'Tis tucking in the carriage,
'Tis asking for a call,
'Tis long good-nights in tender lights,
And that is—no, not all!

'Tis parting when it's over,
And one goes home to sleep;
Best joys must end, 'tis le, my friend,
But one goes home to weep!

—U. N. Nonn.

A doctor must understand all tongues.

A man of small calibre is the greatest bore.

Of what kind of timber is the post of honor?

Strange to say, a cross road is often very pleasant.

Home made bread is undoubtedly a domestic knead.

A haughty carriage is often an inconvenient vehicle.

The sky, unlike man, is most cheerful when the bluest.

Among the most dangerous of edged tools are cutting remarks.

We suppose a clap of thunder may be called a "weather report."

It is supposed that a man must feel very small when covered by a revolver.

You cannot cultivate a man's acquaintance by continually harrowing his feelings.

What is that which we wish for, and when obtained we never know we have it?—Sleep.

No matter how prompt actors may be at rehearsal, there is always one man who is prompter.

"It's never too late to mend." Which is why so many people postpone mending indefinitely.

It seems absurd to speak of a blind man's favorite color, and yet everybody has heard of blind-man's buff.

A citizen bought himself a book the other day and wrote this on the fly-leaf. "Presented to John Jones by himself as a mark of esteem.

Jones: "Fish are spoken of as the fisher man's harvest; why is that?" Smith: "Because the fishermen have to plough the waves to get them."

The wealth of the Vanderbilt family is now computed at $373,000,000. The wealth of the Smith family has never been computed. It is more or less.

Husband: "I never saw a woman so hard to please as you, my dear!" Wife, calmly: "I am not so sure about that, John; I married you, you know."

A newly-hatched chick, just emerging from a tiny enamelled egg is a new and curious pattern for a brooch. It is suitable for, and emblematic of, a girl coming out.

Ada, aged 4, was doing something, and was told to desist by her mother. Mother: "Ada, am I to speak to you again?" Ada: "Yes, mother; you may if you like."

"When a strand of feminine hair gets entangled in a masculine scarfpin it does not require a very heavy step in an adjoining room to make two hearts beat as twenty.

Mother: "And do you really feel so very ill, Bobby?" Bobby: "Yes, ma. I ain't quite sick enough to need any medicine, but I'm a little bit too sick to go to school."

A poet sings: "How can I meet my darling?" A practical man replies: "If you know that her father has gone out, you can go boldly up to the front door, ring the bell and ask for her."

A.: "Pray, can you tell me what that picture represents?" B.: "That is the celebrated Queen Cleopatra. Have you never heard of her?" A.: "No. Fact is, I hardly ever read the papers."

He was an ardent but economical lover, and had been courting her for three months. "When do you think, dearest," he said, as they sat near the moonlit window one evening, "that the moon appears at its best?" "I think," she replied, "that the moon always looks the loveliest when one is returning home from the opera."

She: "Here is my photograph?" He: "Beautiful, thrice beautiful! Showing you as an angel, but the artist an earth-born clod." She: "Why do you say that, sweet?" He: "Because—" She: "Because what, foolish?" He: "Because—why, because, darling, with you as a subject I could take a better picture than that with an accordion."

ALL our physicians recommend Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup for hoarseness and colds. 25 cents.

TAKE no "just as good." Get the genuine Salvation Oil. It kills pain. Price 25 cents.

REALIZING MISERY.

Suppose you become sick. Suddenly all other anxieties and worries fade away—your one thought is to get well. Chained to your bed, all tokens of healthy commonplace life seem miles away, or as if they belonged to some remote age.

You mutely wonder why you ever felt discontented or unhappy when you were able to walk about. Longer grow the days; you look at your thin white hands and vaguely imagine that they belong to someone else.

Yours were brown and plump and strong, and these are so white, with a queer tracery of blue veins showing up, oh, so prominently, and how weak and transparent they are, and so you smile at the idea of them belonging to you.

You toss about feverishly, and feel inclined to cry from sheer helplessness; your thoughts wander, Heaven only knows where.

Time passes, the only landmarks of its flight being the frequent visits of the doctor. How eagerly you learn to scan his face—to keenly watch his expression to see if you can judge from it how you really are.

Then a great weariness falls over you, more doctors come, and you feel as if you were enduring a dual existence; that somewhere about the real you were walking about laughing and cheery, robust and well, while you that are lying on your bed of sickness are someone else whom you pity very much.

The half unconsciousness passes away, and you are sensible. You try to move, and you can not; you see something that you want just within your grasp, and yet you can not reach it. When you speak your voice seems miles away, so hollow and weak is it. It is then that you actually realize what misery is.

THE FEMININE LAP.—It is doubtful if there be any masculine lap. The male of the human species has knees, and that is all. The feminine lap is indispensable to the female.

Man has no such comprehensive convenience. She keeps fancy work in it (except for the accidental ball which rolls out), she lays down books in it, is holds her handkerchief, flowers, programme (if at the theatre), fan, muff, parasol, and all her endless impedimenta.

It is a pocket—all mouth—an adjustable table, a bureau drawer, a work basket, a valise, and, above all, a desk.

Just why some women should be unable to write upon a table or desk like ordinary male Christians it is hopeless to conjecture. A recently published account of a well-known authoress's literary workshop gives an apt illustration of this curious idiosyncrasy of womankind.

She has a pleasant, well-fitted room, with flowers, and books, and pets, and a desk. This piece of furniture is described as being covered with books and manuscripts, while a lap tablet upon which she writes lies among the papers awaiting her convenience.

We have often seen a fair young creature who wished to write a letter take a small book and deposit it in the all-sufficient lap and laboriously scribble away when a large and conveniently flat table stood beside her chair.

And she holds the ink in her lap, too, with a dexterity sufficient to dishearten an East Indian juggler. Why she prefers to do it we do not know. It would seem that the force and pungency of a girl's letters are the direct result of her finding the only support for her right arm at the point of her pen. It is one of nature's phenomena—as well ask why violets are blue, or why rain is always so unpleasantly wet.

THE HANDS.—Hand shaking had a practical origin. In early and barbarious times, when every savage or semi-savage was his own law-giver, judge, soldier and policeman, and had to watch over his own safety in default of all other protection, when two friends or acquaintances chanced to meet, they offered each to the other the strong right hand alike of offence and defence; the hand that wields the sword, the dagger, the club, the tomahawk, or other weapon of war—each did this to show that the hand was empty, and that neither war nor treachery was intended.

A man cannot well stab another while he is engaged in shaking hands with him, unless he is a double-dyed traitor and villain, and strives to aim him a cowardly blow with the left while giving him the right and pretending to be on good terms with him.

INDICATIONS OF INSANITY.—"Mr. Tomlinson, your daughter Irene has given me her permission to ask of you her hand in marriage, but before I ask for your formal consent, you will pardon me if I make the inquiry, as it is a matter of life-long consequence to me, whether or not there have ever been any indications of insanity, so far as you know, in your family?"

"You say Irene has accepted you, Mr. Brown-Smith?"

"I am happy to say she has."

"Then, sir," said the old man, shaking his head dejectedly, "it is my duty, as her father, to tell you that Irene is showing decided indications of insanity."

OATHS are vulgar, senseless, offensive, impious; like obscene words, they leave a noisome trail upon the lips, and a stamp of odium upon the soul. They are inexcusable. They gratify no sense, while they outrage taste and dignity.

HARD ON THE MOON.—Bundering men, instead of admitting their responsibility, try to excuse themselves by throwing the blame on others.

A Singhalese story illustrates this tendency of human nature.

One night thieves broke into a rich man's house and carried off all his valuables. On being arrested they excused their crime by saying that they were blameless, as the walls of the house were so badly built as to tempt them to break through.

The mason was therefore brought before the magistrate.

"The fault is not mine," said he, "but that of the coolie who made the mortar badly."

The coolie laid the blame upon the potter who sold him a cracked vessel in which he could not carry sufficient water to mix the mortar properly.

The potter explained that the blame should not be laid upon him, but upon a pretty woman, who, passing while he was making the basket, so rivited his attention that he forgot about his work.

The woman protested that the goldsmith, having failed to send home her earrings, she had only passed the potter's shop on her way to get them.

The goldsmith, not being able to offer an excuse for his neglect, was sentenced to be hanged.

His friends begged the judge to spare him as he was sick and ill-favored and would not make a pretty spectacle.

"But somebody must be hanged," said the judge.

His attention was therefore called to a fat Moor in a shop opposite and the judge ordered him to be hanged in the goldsmith's stead!

AN ENTERPRISING CROW.—Farmer Crowder had finished planting his corn, but his heart was heavy. He knew the crows were whetting their bills to pull up the corn as soon as it appeared above the surface.

"I'll tell you what to do with those old crows," said his neighbor Stokes.

"What?"

"Get you a gallon of whisky and soak corn in it till it gets full of the stuff, and then scatter it broadcast in the field. The black rascals will eat it and get tipsy, and then you can catch 'em and pull their heads off. That beats pizen or anootin'."

In a few days Farmer Crowder met his friend Stokes.

"Well, how's crops?" queried Stokes.

"My corn's ruins," replied Crowder, dolefully. "I tried that 'ere scheme o' yourn and it's all rubbish. I soaked the corn and scattered it one day, and next mornin' I went down to the new groun' to see how it'd worked."

"Found 'em tipsy, eh?"

"Found nothin.' I heard a lot of fuss going on, and I went to see what it was: and there was a cunnin' lookin' old crow what had gathered up all the whiskey corn an' had it on a stump, an' he was retailin' it out to the others, giving 'em one grain o' that sort fur three grains o' my planted corn; and hanged if between 'em that hadn't clawed up that field."

A VICTIMIZED MAN.—"Ethel," said Lionel Bertram Jones, as he dropped his slice of bread into his plate with a noise that set the canary in the gilt cage chirping merrily, "Ethel, I have something to say to you."

They had been married only four weeks and the time had not yet arrived when she did all the saying.

"Do you remember the day on which I proposed to you?"

"Yes," she replied, "I shall never forget it."

"Do you remember?" he went on, as he abstractedly drilled a hole into the loaf with the point of a carving knife, "how, when I rang the bell, you came to the door with your sleeves rolled up and your fingers sticky with dough, and said you thought it was your little brother who wanted to get in?"

"Yes."

"Oh, Ethel. How could you! How could you?"

"How could I what?" she responded, as a guilty look crept into her face.

"How could you make me the victim of such a bluff?"

SNARES FOR THE TONGUE.—The popularity of Peter Piper's celebrated peck of pickled peppers will never wane as a snare to catch the tongue that would feign be agile; but that test has formidable rivals. The following short sentences, as their authors maintain, do wonders in baffling the ordinary powers of speech:

Gaze on the gay gray brigade.

The sea ceaseth, and it sufficeth us.

Say, should such a shapely mash shabby stitches show?

Strange stragetic statistics.

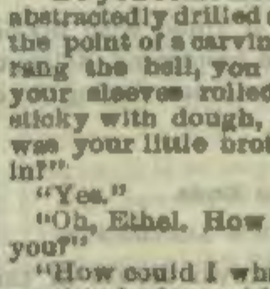
Give Grimes Jim's gilt gig whip.

Sarah in a shawl shoveled soft snow softly.

She sells sea shells.

A cup of coffee in a copper coffee pot.

Smith's spirit flask split Philip's sixth sister's fifth squirrel's skull.



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No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

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No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
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PHILADELPHIA, June 6, 1881.

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Latest Fashion Phases.

The costumes at the Grands Magasins du Louvre are excessively gorgeous, and form so beautiful a display that the costume department resembles an exhibition of fine art needlework, where each subject deserves special and minute examination.

The simple and elegant Directoire and First Empire styles predominate, for which rich silks, and handsome embroideries are necessarily employed, producing most effective imitations of the costumes of those periods.

The principal fabrics employed for the most effective costumes are brocade, rich faille, sicilienne, poplin, velvet (plain, striped and embroidered) and, as trimming, tinsel, silk, velvet, and chenille, passementand embroidery.

We have not space to give a detailed examination of each subject in this art gallery of the toilette, so must be content with the *chefs d'œuvres*.

A great quantity of white and cream cloth is being introduced as panels, revers, etc., and is embroidered with a dark colored chenille, or silk and tinsel.

A lovely dress of pawn-colored peau de soie, has a panel of cream cloth down the front, exquisitely embroidered in brown and gold silk, brightened up here and there with an outline of tinsel; the back consists in an elegant drapery of peau de soie, puffed on the tournure and falling in long rich folds; each side, in the same material as the back, is arranged in a broad double box-pleat.

The corsage has a Swiss bodice of the peau de soie, edged all round with a row of gold and brown silk cord; a full chemisette of peau de soie and a Zouave jacket of cream cloth, embroidered to match the panel, and edged with gold and brown silk cord.

The sleeves are of peau de soie, and are slightly puffed at the shoulder, and finely pleated down the centre of the over part and finished off with a little cuff of cream cloth, embroidered to correspond with the collar.

Another dress of peau de soie of a serpent green color, has a simple skirt, fully gathered behind, pleated at the sides and left plain in front, a handsome border of embroidered pink flowers forming a rich trimming round the front and sides.

The round corsage is perfectly plain behind, but fulled in front into a velvet yoke edged with passementerie; one end of the sash, fastened beneath the arm, is brought diagonally across the front, and tied round the waist in a bow and long ends at the side.

There are innumerable models of walking and reception toilettes in these rich fabrics, all naturally, at high, but by no means exorbitant prices; but there are also an immense variety of inexpensive costumes in most durable woolen materials, for walking and travelling.

The style chosen for these dresses is, for for the most part, of the Directoire period; and braiding of all kinds plays a most important part in the matter of trimming, replacing the embroidery on the richer costumes.

Cashmere, cheviots and vigogne are the favorite materials, the latter being either plain colors or stripes, very frequently bordered with a handsome embroidered design. The plain skirt and long redingote, so practical for walking costumes is largely adopted.

A model very much in vogue has a plain skirt braided half way up the front, and a long redingote turned back down the front with braided revers. The corsage is double-breasted, and has a large Directoire collar, braided, and a plain waistcoat of the same material.

The shops are showing costumes on this model in myrtle-green and other dark-colored bordered woolen materials, and at a very low price, and a great number of other stylish costumes, made of most durable cloth can also be had at a very low price.

Among some of the inexpensive costumes moire is combined with cashmere or other woolen.

A very effective model has a long redingote of Amazon cloth, with Directoire collar of moire, and revers of moire turned back in front to show a box-pleated moire skirt; this can be procured in a variety of different colors—gray-blue and black moire or entirely in gray, green blue or brown.

Another model has a similar redingote, but the skirt is of cloth, trimmed with a broad band of the moire.

Some of the tailor-made costumes are simple marvels of cheapness, and the variety of good work displayed completely disproving the idea that the Parisian couturiere is far behind the times in this particular branch of dressmaking.

One model in dark-blue cloth, with elegantly and simply draped skirt and plain corsage, the skirt and corsage neatly finished off with black silk braid.

A great deal of cloth is worn, rich and beautiful cloth, with woven border in metal embroidery.

One example, a deep dark red, has by way of border nine narrow rows of silver or gold braid woven up one selvedge to form the border of the skirt or tunic and the trimming of the corsage.

Such borders are embroidered in beads on various materials with the happiest effect. The bordered material is the fabric of the winter season, made up in a style of elegant simplicity, and therefore its variety is almost inexhaustible.

Braiding stands next as garnitures, even above fur. In gold, silver, copper or steel, it is exceedingly rich, and suffices for the most elaborate of costumes; in woolen braid it is appropriate for quiet, handsome costumes. It is used as much for chapeaux as for dresses.

A hat wide brim and low crown is of emerald velvet, the upper part of the brim embroidered with a rich design in gold braid. The crown is embroidered all over, the brim having a scalloped crown, and extends at the back in two long bands only upon it. A band of green ribbon encircles the strings, which tie under the chin. In front, on the crown, is a bow of wider green ribbon.

Toques for visiting costumes, or afternoon concerts or theatres, are made of cloth, embroidered with tinsel braid, and there are large Marlborough felt hats, black, the upper part of the brim worked with tinsel cord, in front being a high plume.

The La Valliere hat is very pretty, with flat broad brim, turned up at the back and very low crown; round the crown is put a pinked-out ruche of silk, broad in front, but diminishing towards the back. On the brim is a complete circlet of tiny humming birds of a thousand different colors.

A capote of red velvet is embroidered in gold and silver, for all the world like the cap worn by a prince of Montenegro.

A charming biggin of red feathers deserves notice, which needs a little explanation.

It is covered with a tissue made with tiny close feathers dyed red. With this the crown of the biggin are covered, the crown being outlined with a band of black feathers.

At the edge of this biggin, no bigger than a hand are two draperies of red and black velvet. On the top of the crown of black velvet ribbon and a plume of black Lilliputian feathers. The strings are of velvet ribbon.

A hood for theatre wear is a loose model of white lace, lined with white satin, edged with a double frill of lace and trimmed with a white bow on the top of the head.

From the neck a deep flounce of lace falls like a cape. It is tied under the chin with strings of white ribbon.

It is the custom to pay visits without the mantel, and, therefore, long Russian cloaks of fur and velvet lined with fur or quilted satin are worn in the carriage as a wrap.

These same wraps, if lined with fur or pale-colored silk, form handsome, delightwarm wraps for theatre-wear during cold weather.

Odds and Ends.

ABOUT CHILDREN'S ACCIDENTS.

Sickness seldom, if ever occurs in the nursery without some well defined warning, but accidents happen in a handclap, and often as unexpectedly as thunder in a clear sky.

It is probably almost superfluous to preface my remarks by saying that in all cases which present anything like dangerous signs, a sensible person is to be immediately despatched to the nearest doctor or surgeon.

If possible, on an errand of this kind—in the country at least—a man should be sent, and he should have a good horse under him.

He must, before starting, be quietly and distinctly informed concerning the true nature of the case, else much valuable time may be lost, by the physician not knowing what precisely to bring with him.

We shall notice briefly the more common accidents that children are liable to, taking the least dangerous first.

Bleeding at the Nose.—If this be the result of a fall or blow, the danger is usually trifling, although in rare cases the nostrils have to be plugged—an operation that only a physician can perform. Ordinary domestic remedies are first to be tried; cold to the head and face; the traditional door-key between the shoulders; powdered gum arabic snuffed up the nostrils, or ice to the nape of the neck. When bleeding, however, comes on spontaneously in the plethoric, for a time it may be allowed to flow; it is an effort of nature to gain relief. Then the above remedies should be tried. If it be in a delicate anæmic child it is more dangerous; ice must be applied to the forehead and neck, rest enjoined, a dose, according to age, of gallic acid given, and the doctor sent for.

Foreign Bodies in the Ear.—There is never any telling where children will stow small beads, buttons, peas, etc. The ear is considered a handy hiding-place, and deafness or inflamation may be the temporary result. Do not be rash. If you can see the object in a good light, you may be able to get it out with the rounded end of a hairpin. If you cannot do this easily, send the child to a physician, or *vice versa*. Hardened wax often deafens a child, and causes irritation. Put a drop or two of olive-oil in the ear the night before and a bit of cotton wool. Next morning the ear should be well syringed out with soap and water. No air-bubbles please, nor must the water be too hot. Picking the ears should be condemned in young and old, and indeed; too much interference of any sort. Earwigs are dislodged by first pouring in oil and syringing.

Things in Nostrils.—The nose is another handy place in which to hide a button or a pea. Suspect the accident if the child speaks as if he had a cold, without having the other symptoms of the complaint. There may be some swelling on one side. If the object can be seen and got at easily, try to get it out by means of a bodkin or the blunt end of a small hair-pin. Or make the child draw a deep breath, then close the other nostril and mouth, make him blow or snort hard and the thing may fall out.

Choking.—Children must be taught to eat slowly and behave like little ladies and gentlemen at the table, else serious results may often occur. Choking is a most alarming accident. The body should be bent downwards, and smart blows administered between the shoulders. This may dislodge the object. Bones, etc., may be got up from the tonsils by the fingers of the operator, or with the loop end of the blade of the scissors detached for the purpose, or a long hair-pin.

Flies or Motes in the Eye.—To remove these, a dry camel's hair pencil is less rough than a handkerchief. Do not rub the eye much, rather rub the other eye, not that this can make a difference. If the object cannot be seen, bathe in hot water, and leave it alone till the tears wash it down to a corner, then use the little brush.

Things Swallowed.—This may or may not be a dangerous accident. If the article goes right down, and is only a shell, for instance, it will be digested. A metallic substance, such as a thimble or coin, will be more dangerous, as its poisonous effects have to be counteracted. In this case apply to a surgeon. An emetic might do good, but then—it might do harm.

Fish-hooks, Splinters, &c.—Withdraw needles, thorns, or splinters with a fine forceps, then foment to ease the pain after letting the wound bleed a little. Fish-hooks must either be cut out or, preferably, sent on until the barb comes out through the skin. This is then snipped off and the other part is easily withdrawn. A soothing poultice may then follow hot fomentations. If the accident has been to the hand, this should be carried in a sling for a day or two.

Dislocations.—These are accidents that few save save physicians can treat or even diagnose. Send for the doctor, being sure at the same time to inform him of the supposed nature of the case.

Fits.—These are also difficult of diagnosis by the uninitiated, so lose no time in procuring skilled advice. Meanwhile the clothing may be removed and the child placed in a warm bath.

An Unjust Charge.—The little boy had come in with his clothes torn, his hair full of dust, and his face bearing unmistakable marks of a very severe conflict.

"Oh, Willie! Willie!" exclaimed his mother, deeply shocked and grieved, "you have disobeyed me again. How often have I told you not to play with that wicked Stapleford boy!"

"Mamma," said Willie, "do I *look* as if I had been *playing* with anybody?"

In the condition of men it frequently happens that grief and anxiety lie hidden under the golden robes of prosperity; and the gloom of calamity is cheered by secret radiations of hope and comfort; as in the works of nature, the bog is sometimes covered with flowers, and the mine concealed in the barren crags.

Confidential Correspondents.

D. E.—A patent costs $35, applications for patents must be made to the Commissioner of Patents, Washington, D. C.

Etiquette.—As a general rule, the gentleman would precede the lady going in to church, standing aside at the pew to allow her to pass in first.

H. A. H.—The hen that laid the eggs is the mother of the chickens hatched. Hens hatch ducks' eggs, but they are not the mothers of ducklings.

J. H. I.—We do not publish the names of business houses in this column. Forward us a postal addressed to yourself, and we will give you the required information.

George.—There is no particular form required in sending a wedding present. It should be sent so as to reach the lady a day or two before the wedding; offer with it whatever good wishes you think fit.

Latinist.—Purchase a modern Latin grammar and a Latin-and-English dictionary, and resolve to succeed. It is a difficult language to master, but patience and perseverance will overcome it.

Regina.—The days of love philtres and charms are past; there is nothing for you but patience; perhaps the young man may come to the knowledge of the happiness that might be his some time and reward your patience and fidelity.

Slug.—Any bad habit may be cured by an effort of will; if you have morning duties to attend to, remember them and get up and see to them. You will soon break yourself of your morning laziness if you really make up your mind to it.

X. Y. Z.—In return for their services the cadets at the United States Military Academy at West Point receive pay at the rate of $30 a month. They do not pay anything for board or for barrack room, lighting and heat, but they pay for all other expenses.

Saps.—Rub the surface of the metal with rotten stone and sweet oil, then rub off with a piece of cotton flannel, and polish with soft leather. A solution of oxalic acid rubbed over tarnished brass with a cotton rag soon removes the tarnish, rendering the metal bright.

Peggy W.—There is no such science as that which impostors call astrology. It is a cheat and a delusion, made use of by the fortune-telling vagabond fraternity, for the purpose of earning a living out of the blind ignorance of the foolish. Believe in the planetary influences, indeed! Better believe in some honest young man.

C. L.—The Dominicans were originally a powerful religious order—called in France Jacobins, and elsewhere Black Friars—founded by St. Dominic, a monk—was approved by St. Innocent III. in 1215, and confirmed by Honorius III. in 1216, under St. Austin's rules and the founder's, a particular constitution. They still exist.

Henry.—The difference between your age and the young lady's is certainly on the right side, you being fifteen years her senior, but do you not think that she is rather young to know her own mind? A girl of fifteen is not much more than a child, and we think you will do well to wait a year or two before you form an engagement with her.

Gerald.—Without being positive, we conjecture that your ailments are of a purely nervous kind and that you have no serious disease about you. Try and avoid self contemplation and paying attention to your feelings. By this means a nervous heart may be quieted, and with that the other symptoms be lessened. A dose of quinine and iron tonic twice daily would benefit you.

Anxious.—You appear to have brought all your troubles on yourself by your extremely hasty conduct. You must have been very exacting if you could not allow the gentleman two evenings to himself. He had a perfect right to go to the theatre if he chose to do so, and we should imagine he would be rather careful how he renewed an engagement with so very exacting a lady.

Country.—Morning calls are the only social occasions when ladies receive their friends and acquaintances when no refreshments are offered to them with the exception of tea, cake and bread and butter. After every entertainment to which a lady or gentleman has been invited, visiting cards must be left, whether those who have received invitations were present or not, and whether they accepted or declined.

Giralda.—A girl only sixteen is just about two years too young to be engaged to be married. At that age her character is beginning to be formed, and she can only see life through daydreams, poetic fancies, child-like longings, tender yearnings, and vague imaginings—a very unreal state of mind, in which cool judgment and common sense are dormant. At sixteen, with our American girls, love must be an exotic—too frail to bear one breath from the cold wind of experience.

Logos.—It is said that the opprobrious epithet, "turncoat," had its origin in the following manner: "The dominions of the Duke of Saxony being situated between France and Savoy, and being subject to frequent incursions of the rival powers, one of the early dukes hit upon the device of a coat blue one side and white the other. When he wished to be thought in the Spanish interest he wore the blue outside; when he wished to be considered in French interest he wore the white outside. From this he was nicknamed Emanuel Turncoate. Although the above sounds plausible enough, it is more probable that the word is merely a derivative of the French term, tourne-cote, which means simply "turn-side."

Inquisitive.—There are roguery and trickery in all trades. Wines are as commonly doctored as well in their color as flavor. A fawn yellow and golden sherry yellow are given by means of a tincture or an infusion of saffron, tumeric, or safflower, followed by a little spirit coloring, to prevent the color being too lively. All shades of amber and fawn, to deep brown and brandy color may be given by burnt sugar. Cochineal (either alone or with a little alum) gives a pink color; beet-root and red sanders gives a red color; the extract of rhatany and log-wood, and the juice of elderberries, bilberries, etc., a port-wine color. A hogshead of inferior pale sherry or white cape is commonly converted into a full-flavored brown sherry by the wine-dealer by the addition of a quarter of a pint of spirit coloring, a gallon of brandy, and a few drops of the essential oil of bitter almonds dissolved in spirit, the whole being well mixed and fined down.